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Robt. P. Nevin

The "Beautiful River"

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ROBERT P. NEVIN,

Author of "Black-Robes," "Les Trois Rois," &c.

PUBLISHERS:
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The melody on the opposite leaf was written when were written the lines to which it has been adapted. As of one in conception with, and so forming part and parcel, as it were, of the same, it has not been thought unbefitting to have it here reproduced. On a following page, under the same title, will be found the text of the song in full.

AFLOAT, AFLOAT IN MY LIGHT CANOE.

A MELODY. ROBT. P. NEVIN.

THE "BEAUTIFUL RIVER."

I.

There breathes the force of untold eloquence,
  O RIVER, in that wondrous voice thou hast!
No sound doth leap to seize the pausing sense,
  Or hold, aroused, the slumbering echoes fast
  That haunt the cover of thy chambers vast;
And yet thy silence with o'erwhelming power
  Doth speak the mysteries of dark centuries past,
By old bequeathment made thy proper dower,
  When KINGS controlled, and native PRINCES
    strode thy shore!

II.

Oh, that, high inspiration won, 'twere mine
  To interpret the wild meaning thou dost bear,
And give it utterance with a voice like thine!
  Vain wish! The mountain rill that stirs the air
  With vaunting song, doth more of import share
Than man may fathom; yet its clamorous boast,
  Which solitude e'en owns and answers there,
Abroad upon thy mightier bosom tost,
Without an image left, is in oblivion lost.

III.

Strong River! thou of all that God hath made
To crown the grandeur of this scene, alone
Maintain'st thy primal glory undecayed!
Lake — moor — hill — forest — mountain reared of stone —
Where are the strength and grace they claimed their own?
Eternal seeming once, thy transience bred
A theme of scorn to feed their mockery's tone;
But now the appointments of their pride are fled,
And time and thou in changeless destiny are wed.

IV.

Thus to forecast the unseen end of Fate
Would Prescience, erringly yet aiming strive;
Thus pampered Power, vain in its high estate,
And fixed establishment, assume to live
Unchanged through change; as though the shocks that rive
The world besides, were impotent to rend
Its flattered rule—thence sprung derivative—
Or Revolution, sinew-stripped, could lend
No arm to wield defeat, or shape an altered end!

V.

The old world had its dynasties: they were—
  Reared monuments to fasten firm their fame—
Erected temples, that each distant heir
  Thenceforth might prize the grandeur of their name:
  They were, but only were. New eras came,
New thrones, new empires; and the old
  Lost e'en the memory of their former claim,
Or held it in enigmas darkly told,
A mystery to wonder at, but not unfold.

VI.

And here upon thy shores were kingdoms sprung;
  Through spanning cycles of unreckoned date,
Though seeming slenderly their tenure hung,
  They reached, o'erliving in bold estimate
  The length of lordlier realm, or nobler state.
Coeval with the rise of thine, arose,
  Oh, Tiber Queen! a star, its more than mate—
The LENNAPE'S!*—high towering when the close
  Befell, that thence decreed thee Memory's, and thy foes'.

* The Lenni Lennape, as their name purports, claim to be the "Original Men" of the continent. Their territory, at the time of the discovery of the New World, lay between the Hudson and Susquehanna Rivers, on either shore of the Delaware. They afterwards migrated to the Ohio Valley.

VII.

Like thee, they had their mighty, known apart;
Men famed around the "fires," and in the field
The proved in speech, the tried in arm and heart,
Whose worth, with honor's zeal, love's faith, to shield,
Down through tradition's channel ran revealed.
And favored bards their victories too have sung,
In anthems through the columned forests pealed—
Alaś! whose temples, arch by arch o'erflung,
May ring response no more, like as of old they rung

VIII.

The grandsire, with the youth, at eventide,
Intent to shape aright his pliant prime
For manhood meet, hath ta'en him at his side
And from examples of the ancient time,
Portrayed the picture of a life sublime:
Hath decked his scalp-tuft with an eagle's plume,
Plucked from his own brow, marked with groove and rime,
The seal of valor stamped in age's room,
And left its story, and its lesson with the 'loom.

IX.

Dark maids by moonlight in the shadowy wold,
The fervor of a suitor's lips have felt,
In tones heroic, nor in dalliance told.
His fairest plea the trophies in his belt;
His valued boast the stroke his fathers dealt;
In tale historic with ancestral pride,
Rehearsed how oft a vanquished foe had knelt;
What arm compelled—whose fate the Brave's that died—
Made these his cause—and so the warrior wooed his bride.

X.

Such the devoir of Gratitude to Worth.
And what superior tribute, held or spent,
Could crave ambition from the wealth of earth?—
The quarry's prize by Genius shaped and lent
To fill a niche, or rear a monument?—
The lettered page—the pictured woof of art?
Cold mockeries, whose fashioned grace is meant
To serve the framer's not the subject's part;
Where Taste may sate its longing, nevermore the Heart.

XI.

In their rude sepulchres the dead are roomed;
The tiller's share hath torn the generous sod
Sheltering their sleep; and o'er their bones inhumed,
Unweeting and unheeding feet have trod:—
Profaned and trampled they whose names have awed
A peopled continent. What then?—Their dust
Is dust, the rest beyond is known to God.
Living their race lived they in sainted trust,
And passing passed, as others have and must.

XII.

And who, when all he loved, or wished to love,
Of kind and country, friends and home, are gone,
His hearth-stone cold—mute woodland, glen and grove,
Where childhood's laughter, with its leaping tone
Had burst, and manhood's eloquence had flown;
Oh, who would longer live, nor choose to fade,
A nameless thing, unpillared and unknown,
Than dwell beyond his race's lasting stayed,
A foeman's boast—a vanquisher's exultance made!

THE "BEAUTIFUL RIVER."

XIII.

Roll on, O River, in thy power and pride;
Thy voice hath spoken, and its solemn peal
Hath reached my soul. Here, bending o'er thy tide,
Devout Emotion worshiping would kneel,
And from the fervor thou hast given to well,
Pour out its offering; this bosom here
Yield all of life's vain longing it may feel,
Planning alone the purer end to bear;
Like thine heaven's smile to win, its blessed brightness wear.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

It is not that the dripping rain
  Beats sadly on the leaves,
Nor that the swallow's notes are hushed
  Beneath the sheltering eaves;
It is not that the night winds sleep,
  And stars have closed their eyes,
And tiny voices stirless keep
  Their low-toned minstrelsies.

For whispered murmurs of the night
  A cheerful grace impart,
And e'en its calm a music yields
  That lightly moves the heart;
But in my soul a shadow dwells,
  A sadness lingers by,
And sighfully my bosom swells,
  I know not whence nor why.

Old visions of a time decayed,
  The happy time that was,
When hope to life bright promise made,
  That never came to pass;
And living shapes of faded things
  On fitful wing are sped,
And linger in their hoverings
  Like phantoms of the dead.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

The grassy lea, the moss-grown slope,
  The spreading mead so green;
The dark pines on the mountain-top
  That hemmed the welkin in;
The rustic home just half concealed
  Mid twining leaf and bough,
As when my boyhood's eye beheld,
  They start before me now.

The twilight trembles from the hill,
  And rims the sky with gold,
And lengthened shadows, lengthening still,
  Are hanging o'er the wold,
And in the fading eve we pause,
  Young home-mates all at play,
To mark the first faint glimmering stars
  Dawn on the parting day.

And one by one, like flakes of flame,
  They wave upon the sight,
Unthreading each a slender beam
  To dangle through the night;
A slender beam whose tissue seems
  A silver pathway, given
To bear away our sainted dreams
  And lead them up to heaven.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

Old voices too are in mine ear,
  Of solemn tone and low,
Importing words of mingled cheer
  And comfort as they flow;
And every flitting phase that falls
  Within the twilight gray,
New theme for contemplation calls
  To tempt my thoughts away.

Ah, not in vain these lessons spent;
  Full well their teachers knew
To bid the hour thus idly lent
  Confer its profit too;
That after years a fruit might own
  From these young flowers of truth,
And manhood reap its harvest, sown
  Of golden seeds in youth.

Thus though the lips of *one* are sealed
  And toneless move no more,
A fervor still, and force, they yield
  More potent than before;
And words but heeded lightly then
  Spring fresh within my breast,
As if the dead found voice again
  And hailed me from its rest.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

My mother! thou art left me now
  Of all I loved alone;—
So time diverts the heart's warm flow,
  So God demands his own;
For new affections chase the old
  And flourish in their stead,
As blossoms of a May unfold
  O'er last May's blossoms shed.

Thine, only thine, yet constant dwell,
  Untouched by years of change;
Thine, only thine—
                —and it is well,
  Or mine might grow estrange:
The boyhood memories that are
  All that are dear, might fly,
And life have left but one lone care—
  To fold its lids, and die.

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Seated by my quiet hearth-stone
From whose lap the faint fires leap,
With a blue and broken flicker,
Earnest vigil here I keep.
Mellow airs and beams of amber,
Lure to lead me forth in vain,
Watch and muse within my chamber,
Claiming dues of heart and brain.

In that flame's mysterious showing,
Memories kindle at my call,
In the embers 'neath it glowing,
In the shadows on the wall.
Memories of sweetest meaning
Sense hath felt, or soul possessed,
With a child-like fondness leaning
Clasped and close within my breast.

In the shadows shapes beshrouded
Rise from cypress-glooms and bay;
In the embers' glow are crowded
Faces of the far-away;
In the flame my soul addressing,
Tongues of living form and ghost,
Start anoint with cheer and blessing,
Like the tongues of Pentecost!

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Tongues that tell me, lonely tarrying
  Through the boisterous winter night
Of the freighted thought-wings carrying
  Wishes for me in their flight;
Of the tear that hung and trembled,
  Like an orb world-full of love,
And the fervor undissembled
  Wafting generous prayer above.

On the wall like veiled nuns kneeling,
  Saints have beckoned with their hands;
In the coals, their cast revealing
  Friends have thronged in smiling bands.
Quick and dead, the gone and living,
  Met upon a common aim,
Comfort, counsel, warning giving
  Through the speaking tongue of flame.

Angels of the Past and Present!
  Holy ones of earth and heaven!
Greet ye for the watch incessant,
  And the ward which ye have given.
But most thou in whom all mingle,
  Through whom all find spring and stir,
Spirit-queen that fillest my ingle,
  Be my soul thy worshiper!

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Nightly to me hast thou spoken,
With a voiceless, volume-tone,
Nightly missioned some sweet token,
Making part of thee mine own;
Nightly have I felt thee walking—
Step how to the true akin!—
Lightly at my bosom knocking,
Opened wide to let thee in.

Then I might have thought me dreaming,
But that dreams have never sprung
Sight so rare as that fair seeming
Which upon my vision hung:
Lips like leaves the rose-bud presses,
Eyes, all thine, so meltingly,
From their tent of trailing tresses,
Leaning forth to welcome me.

Hence, away, for dark December
Back restores the stolen leaf,
Back to thatch each forest chamber,
Back to plume the sickled sheaf.
Far mid mountain scenes and meadow
Roam we, hand in hand, again,
By the stream and 'neath the shadow,
On the slope and in the glen.

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Pipes the lark from branch of thistle,
  Jet-winged throstle* from his spray,
And the plover's ringing whistle
  Wakes the wild with echoing play;
Pensive, silent, fond, unfainting,
  Like the heart my arms enwreath,
Sits the dove, her full heart panting,
  Thronged with love she dare not breathe.

Golden lights of sunset broken
  In their separate channels flow,
Swept in streams through arches oaken
  To the open seas below,
In whose sheltered moorings nestle
  Shadows from the thorn trees cast,
Seeming each a phantom vessel,
  Trimmed with sail, and cord, and mast.

Scene to suit a dreamer's passion!
  Sight to rouse the pulse of love!
True to the remembered fashion,
  Time and type before me move,
And there falls a silent breathing,
  And a throbbing on my sense,
And a glance whose least bequeathing
  Is a glad inheritance.

---

* The "blackbird."

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Calms betiding uninvaded
  Slumber in the beamy even;
Yet a suitor's prayer hath pleaded,
  And a vow hath sped to heaven;
And I feel a trembler clinging
  Fondly to me, yet with fear—
And the lark its lay is singing
  High, and hopefully, and clear!

* * *

Lo! the hearth-stone's fire hath wasted
  Its last gleam of dying light,
Flame and shadow, quenched and blasted,
  Veil their phantoms in the night.
Peace be to the chilling ashes!
  Other rays to cheer me start,
Dear one, mine, through those fringed lashes,
  From the live coals of the heart!

TO A CRICKET.

(Written during an August's loitering in Ligonier Valley.)

Tell me, oh, where veiling shadows
Shut the sunlight from the glade,
Where the waste of untilled meadows
Straying footsteps rare invade,
CHIRPER, why thy faint voice spending
Where its breath is cast adrift,
And the music of its lending
Finds no sense to prize the gift?

Tall and proudly o'er me bowing,
Lifts its antlered head the pine;
Crystally the brooklet flowing,
Traces there its silver line;
With its bosom ivy-vested
Sleeps the bank but half espied,
Where the laurel, broadly crested,
Bends its clusters o'er the tide.

Sure where nature's hand hath squandered
Wealth so rare to grace her shrine,
Other pilgrim-feet have wandered,
Other hearts adored than mine;
Other ears entranced have listened
To thy music soft and low;
Eyes with joy or sadness glistened;
Tell me, CHIRPER, is it so?

TO A CRICKET.

From the nook where thou art hiding,
'Neath the loosened stone so gray,
List the old unstoried tiding—
Thus thy murmur seems to say:—
"Other ears than thine have hearkened
To the sounds these wilds employ,
Eyes have shone and eyes have darkened,
Dim with grief, or bright with joy.

"Years beyond a lifetime's telling,
Since have sped with rapid flow,
Stood there then a low-roofed dwelling,
Where the dwarf-oak harboreth now.
Still as nightfall veiled the water,
Sat the inmates by the door;
Sire, and dame, and blue-eyed daughter,
Still at nightfall evermore.

"Wrought the matron, busy-fingered,
Plying spindle, reel or loom;
Pipe in mouth, the old man lingered,
Breathing forth the scented fume;
And, as though her heart o'erladen,
Gladness heaping its embrace,
Sang with gleesome voice the maiden—
Through the pale hours sang apace.

TO A CRICKET.

"Thus, upon a Summer's twilight,
Grouped the house-hold 'neath the eaves;
Dimly fell the fading sky-light,
Dim the shadows from the leaves;
When from far, and lightly bounding,
Through the laurel copse drew nigh,
Footsteps mid the stillness sounding
Like a pulse-beat hollowly.

"From his couch of thick-strewn heather,
Sprang the watch-dog at the sign;
'Down—down, Towler,' spake the father
'Greetest so proved friend of mine?—
Welcome, Harold!' as the stranger
Reached the threshold, grasped his palm;
Faith is firm that dareth danger;
Truth thus tried deserves the name.'

"Warmly Harold pressed each greeting,
Warmly all, but warmest one—
Lovers' hands cling close in meeting!—
Then withheld and stood alone.
Light, like as a mantle, falling,
From his anxious visage fled
And a gloom its broadness palling,
Sprang and lingered in its stead.

TO A CRICKET.

"Gazed the maid, amazed, confounded;
Then the youth his mission told:—
'Time's most precious hours are bounded;
Moments lost are wasted gold.
Not, Kate, now love's suit to favor
May these lips their task renew;
Peril—should I pause or waver?—
Bids me act nor wait to woo.

"'Truce profaned, the forest rovers
Scour the vale with brand and bow;
Each wild brake its dark host covers
Every bush its sheltered foe.
Haste ye, tarry not the slaughter;
Flee while flight may be essayed.'
Mute, dismayed stood dame and daughter,
But the sire soon answer made:—

"'Safety surety seeks not only
Mid the ward of fencing walls;
As in fort, in forest lonely,
Chances weal or ill befalls.
Deem not, Harold, then to move us;
Pend there doom or fortune pend,
Home around us, God above us,
Trusting, here we bide our end.'

TO A CRICKET.

"Passed the eve; adieus then spoken,
Met the youth the maid alone;
Clasped her finger with love's token—
Kissed the white hand, and was gone.
Through the glen and through the mead-land
Stepped he, light as Summer wind,
Till he reached a rising head-land—
Paused and threw a glance behind.

"What pale gleam like ray of morning,
Dawns afar upon the night?—
Harold, can'st thou read the warning?—
By that cry thou dost aright.
Haste, now haste, oh, anguished lover
Speed thee bravely as thou may'st;
Over glen and meadow over
Fleet as falcon wing thy haste!

"Ah, too late, though nobly striven
All too late to save or aid;
Rafter, roof and frame fire-riven
One red heap of ruin made.
Then the youth amid the embers
Toiled with labor drear and dread;
But one dream his soul remembers,
Toiling madly for the dead!

TO A CRICKET.

"Found at length!—nay why dost linger,
Doubter, though all charred it be;
Lo, the ring that clasps the finger—
By the token true 'tis she!
—O'er a grave that night made newly,
Heard no ear the vow that fell,
But the red foe found, and duly,
Pale-face wronged feeds vengeance well."

* * * *

CHIRPER, 'neath that gray stone hoary,
Doth the hapless maiden sleep?—
And unfolding still thy story
Thou dost faithful vigil keep!
Blessings for the notes thou pourest,
Floating round me like a charm!
Hence on hearth-stone or in forest
Blight the hand would do thee harm!

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE WORTHIES.

No. 1.

THE PARSON.

I.

It is a cot of lowly build,
  Set in a fair demesne,
Mid arching oaks and lacing vines—
  Might grace a painted scene,
With front half hid of peeping white,
  And lattice-work of green.

II.

At dawn or dusk, beneath the eaves,
  That ward the threshold way,
The PARSON finds his favored seat,
  And hears from bush or spray
The brown thrush sing its matin song,
  Or trill its vesper lay.

III.

His brow looped like an altar-shroud,
  The in-shrined soul o'erspreads
A glimpse of whose celestial blaze
  His glancing eye-light sheds,
And silver locks wave in his breath
  Like broken spider-threads.

IV.

His cheeks are tableted with lines
  Graved with an iron pen—
Pages of mysteries manifold
  Were sought to solve in vain;
For who may read a heart's strange tale
  Through three-score years and ten?

V.

Of holy days, when worshipers
  Are gathered at their fane,
The PARSON moves with solemn tread,
  Along the church-yard lane,
Oft pausing, ere the lintel gained
  To lean upon his cane.

VI.

The pulpit high clings to the wall,
  Built like a swallow's nest,
And borne upon the Sexton's arm—
  Not over-hale at best—
The good man mounts his saintly throne,
  God's vice, to make behest.

THE PARSON.

VII.

Oh, there are those rich in renown,
  World-famed and world-approved,
Whose burning words have fired the soul,
  Though rare the heart have moved,
Whom men have honored when they heard,
  Admired but scarcely loved.

VIII.

The PARSON'S name is all unknown
  Save in his parish bound,
Yet Unbelief hath kneeled to Faith
  Proud Error felt its wound,
Pierced by his word, and bowed subdued;
  What more could Paul have owned?

IX.

His simple speech ungarnished flows,
  But so with power endowed,
That rugged hearts touched by its suit,
  Their meltings have bestowed,
And penitence on humbled knee
  Low homage paid to God.

X.

LOVE, not the LAW, his argument,
Its nobler claims confest,
He pleads, as plead his Lord of old,
Inviting to be blest,
"Come unto me, ye weary, come,
And I will give you rest."

XI.

Hence is the kindly Shepherd loved
And honored of his Sheep;
Hence chief presides mid social scenes,
When feast or fast they keep,
Rejoicing now when they rejoice,
Now weeping when they weep.

XII.

Is there a soul born into life?—
The mother's first-felt care
Is that his countenance confessed
May bless its future fare,
And ward from ill or harm the child,
By palm imposed, or prayer.

XIII.

Holds Hymen courtly gala-day?
The god were sorely tried,
And sorely tried were guest and groom,
And waiting-maid and bride,
If soonest time should pass, nor find
His vacant seat supplied.

XIV.

Comes Death to grieve a smitten home?
Then is the PARSON nigh,
Nigh to restore peace to the heart,
Its sunshine to the eye,
For Faith grows strong, nerved by his word,
And Hope looks to the sky.

XV.

And so it is, in shadowy hour,
When fades the gray-lit even,
The little children all are taught,
In bended worship given
To bless "Our Father" of the ville,
When they bless God in heaven.

XVI.

And so it is, the good folk say,
That in the night serene,
Unearthly music hath been heard,
And once, a vision seen,
Of two that walked—the PARSON one—
Communing on the green.

XVII.

They say no more, but ope the Book,
And, pondering o'er its fold,
Where Enoch's marvellous mystery
Within the page is told,
Wonder if living saints may pass
As passed the Saint of old!

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE WORTHIES.

No. 2.

THE ATTORNEY.

I.

Midway adown the village street,
A dingy pile is reared,
Whose crazy stones with rent and rift,
And marring bruise are scarred
While, from each fissure lined, the moss
Hangs like an old man's beard.

II.

Who would infer the tenant's life,
His eye full rede may draw;
Sketched o'er the portal's gloomy brow,
Without or fault or flaw,
In fair, round lines, 'ATTORNEY' shines
And 'COUNSELLOR AT LAW.'

III.

Writ on a scroll which, flaunting, streams,
Clasped in the curving beak
Of bird conceived of royal plume;
But artist's vice or freak
Hath reined his skill, and bid in lieu
A symboled Vulture speak.

IV.

A man of mark the ATTORNEY is,
Whose face might claim in vain,
An honest friendship with his heart—
Their commerce dashed atwain;
'Tis loss,' his craft persuades, 'to *seem*,
Disguise secures the gain.'

V.

Hence are his brows, obedient, taught
Each lurking glance to shield;
Hence, like a blighted Autumn leaf,
His visage swart revealed,
All blank and passionless, no sign
Of in-felt sense doth yield.

VI.

Abroad, when Quarter Sessions hold
Grave court at country town,
The lobby contemplates with awe,
As gravely up and down,
With air profound and slow-timed foot
He treads the floor of stone.

VII.

Or set to treat a client's suit,
With cumbrous files displayed,
He heaps profuse the littered board;
Nor feigns but means parade,
Well taught that proof to panelled wit
Tells measured more than weighed.

VIII.

With pliant tongue and subtle speech,
The 'Twelve'—sage arbiters!—
He proves a fair-appointed plea,
And tries their facile ears
Till civic sense, distraught, at last
Ordains the claim he bears.

IX.

Luckless that burgher rates his case,
Expectance faint doth find
Of prosperous end, to shed a gleam
Of hope within his mind,
Who with the ATTORNEY stands arrayed
In adverse issue joined.

X.

'Tis said—but when the townsman tells
The soon-told history,
He glances oft aside, behind,
And speaks subduedly,
Lest there may be, who best were not,
Anigh to hear or see;—

XI.

'Tis said that in a time gone by,
Dwelt, where not now doth dwell,
An aged man whose trailing hairs,
White as the frost-flakes, fell,
Who had a child was young and fair—
The old man loved her well.

XII.

Her brow was like the lily-flower
That bends above the water;
Oh, fairest first the village swains
Among the fair they thought her!
And the ATTORNEY—lack-a-day!
He wooed the old man's daughter!

XIII.

He wooed, but wooed he all in vain;
  Alas, unhappy time!
Alas, the old man in his age,
  The maiden in her prime!
And ah, the youth that won her heart,
  To bid his think of crime!

XIV.

O'er rusty files the ATTORNEY sought,
  Resolve stamped in his looks,
O'er parchments old whole days and nights
  Ransacked from cobwebbed nooks,
And folios of a date long gone,
  And dusty record-books.

XV.

He sought and toiled, and toiled and sought,
  At length he triumphed too,
And robbed the old man of his home
  That lends *him* shelter now,
Till anguish drove the maiden wild,
  And laid the gray sire low.

XVI.

Now, ever as swift time rolls round,
Once to each annual flight,
Belated travelers that pass
See through the window-light
By the blue flame that glares within
A heart-dismaying sight.

XVII.

One not of earth, nor yet of heaven—
A scroll before him spread—
God shield us from his power alive,
Protect us all when dead!—
With the ATTORNEY conning o'er
The dark page, head and head!

XVIII.

What hidden league that chart enrolls,
Its writing best may show,
But love to purchase, life or lands,
Pray God ordain it so,
Our souls their birth-right barter not,
On gage of future woe!

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE WORTHIES.

No. 3.

THE DOCTOR.

I.

Why still as soars the early light,
  Or falls the twilight ray,
The window curtain drawn aside
  Peeps forth from day to day
The Merchant's widow, eye-absorbed,
  Across the traveled way?

II.

Is it to watch the sunshine play
  Amid the garden trees—
To see the blossoms part their lips
  And kiss the passing breeze,
Or tempting, blushingly, the loves
  Of butterflies and bees?

III.

The humming-bird is on the wing;
  Glad messenger of cheer
He stoops beside each listening flower
  Swift darting there and here,
And breathes his joyous tale of hope,
  Low-whispered in its ear.

IV.

Hope to the imaged thing of hope
The blue-eyed daisy told,
The hiding violet coyly seen,
Lifting its modest fold,
Or star-flower watching in the sky,
To see its trope unrolled.

V.

And hope to him, oh, humming-bird,
Thy gladsome wing doth bear
Trained by whose hand the flowerets spring
And blossom by his care—
The DOCTOR—mid the floral beds
Watching or tending there.

VI.

The boy that roved the Summer paths
Thrice ten years gone and ten,
With flowing locks and laughing glance,
And step unwearying then,
Is none the less, though lost to youth,
The green-wood and the glen.

VII.

Slight change hath tinged the hair of brown,
Still plays the early smile,
Still seeks his foot the gay green ways—
Wood-walk or garden aisle;
And still the DOCTOR'S tones repeat
The Boy's of ancient while.

VIII.

What though endowed with statelier art,
Sage thought hath swerved its aim,
And chisseled where it pencilled erst,
Its image lives the same,
Or in the smooth-browed stripling found
Or wrinkled man of fame.

IX.

Profound in lore of sapient name
The DOCTOR, sagely great,
Well knows between conflicting claims
Their contra-force to rate,
'Twixt what and what to measure due
By breadth of hair or weight.

THE DOCTOR.

X.

With potent argument he proves
  Incongruous, Thompson's creed;
Both equal gifts of heaven's full hand
  The mineral and the weed,
Then why proscribe good calomel
  And own tomato seed?

XI.

To Homeopathy's appeal
  He deigns but brief reply;
What, choke to heal a strangled neck?
  Buffet a blackened eye?
Or for the bitten man prescribe
  A *crin. can. rabidi?*

XII.

"Cold water," rendered into Greek,
  He owns a potent cure—
To modify a stimulant
  Or cleanse a skin impure,
Or—loves one Bacchus' shrine?—to make
  His reformation sure.

XIII.

Alone from Mesmer's plea arcane
He turns an eye uncivil,
Denies now what his sense assures—
But sense may lose its level—
Now, *au contraire*, grants, and refers
To *Blitz*,* all—or the devil.

XIV.

In vain stout innovators strive—
(Ho! for the old *regime!*
When keels and wains made prosperous speed
Propelled by oar or team,
And men could plod to heaven content
Nor sought to fly by steam)—

XV.

In vain stout innovators strive
Intrusive rule to gain;
With valient tongue the Doctor wars,
War they with might and main,
While judging cits, oft tried, e'er true,
Still his *the* right maintain.

* A famous necromancer in his day.

XVI.

New modes to ensure an equal end
He treats a knave's device;
What healed the sore of ancient days
Will heal the sore of this;
The draught that sent off Socrates
Would send him now to bliss.

XVII.

Thus to the astoundment of his foes,
The broad content of friends,
His tongue, prepared with ready speech,
Its skillful logic spends,
Shows humbug in its naked plight
And so the truth defends.

XVIII.

But most the DOCTOR seeks to dwell,
Apart from strife removed,
Loitering the mellow hours away
Where oft his steps have roved,
Amid the happier, calmer walks
Of garden scenes beloved.

XIX.

These are the all—bright Summer gifts!—
  His heart may call its own
These, only these, the dearest pledge
  Love's seeking e'er hath known,
Left there amid that Paradise,
  Unmated and alone.

XX.

Say, is it hence, when soars the light,
  Or falls the twilight ray,
That through the curtain drawn aside,
  Peeps forth from day to day
The Merchant's widow, eye-absorbed,
  Across the traveled way?

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

I.

Hoary and rude, its rugged walls
  Upreared by honest hands,
Then art was new and hearts were few
  In these primeval lands,
Mid laughing vines and broad-leafed boughs,
  The old, gray CHRIST'S CHURCH stands.

II.

Its walls are thick, and firm and strong
  Though every stone between
The wild-moss finds a place to store
  Its woof of velvet green.
And swallows twitter as they sit
  And build their nests within.

III.

O'er the low roof the belfry towers,
  Mildewed, and warped and gray;
And when the sexton rings the bell
  On the still Sabbath day,
The antique frame reels to and fro,
  And totters from decay.

IV.

A solemn and an awful tone
Ever has that old bell;
Or when it chimes for funeral rite,
Or peals for festival,
Or shakes the aspen leaves around,
Tolling a dead man's knell!

V.

Nuptial or burial, still the same
Its heavy tone you hear;
And e'en the Sexton's daughter seeks
The open casement near,
That she may know if each new train
Be led by bride or bier.

VI.

The Sexton, he is old and wan,
(God's blessing on his head!)
Yet still he hovers in his place,
Still plies his dismal trade,
Toiling beneath the belfry rope,
Or bending o'er the spade.

VII.

How many dead his hands have housed
In their lone lodge of clay!
How, always, e'er the grave was filled,
His labor would he stay,
And list, amid the weeping throng,
To what the priest would say!

VIII.

I love the gray-grown temple now
Its mouldering roof and wall;
The bell, such melting memories
Its friendly tones recall,
But, oh! I love the Sexton old—
The Sexton more than all.

IX.

It may be that his voice is kind,
Or that his cheeks are sere,
Or that he blessed me long ago,
When blessings were held dear;
Or—once I wept a father dead,
And he let fall a tear!

X.

Upon an autumn day it was,
Well graven in my mind,
When forest trees, half robed, half bare,
Their shivering boughs entwined,
And faded leaves, like butterflies,
Were fluttering in the wind.

XI.

I was—would I were yet !—a child,
But years have rolled around:
They bore his body in a hearse,
And through the wood-land wound,
And where the church-yard shadows fall,
They laid him in the ground.

XII.

Then words in low-toned whispers ran,
And sounds, suppressed, of weeping,
And straying footsteps lightly fell
A trembling silence keeping,
"Wake not the wearied Saints' repose;
He is not dead, but sleeping!"

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

XIII.

The parson breathed a solemn prayer:
"God ward the sleeper here!"
The mourners round, some clasped their hands
From grief, and some from fear:
The busy sexton toiled and toiled—
None saw but I—*that tear!*

XIV.

Grief falls not lightly when it falls
On a young, tender breast!
Boy-hopes are blossoms of the Spring,
As frailly-fair at best;
The blast that throws a blight on one,
Will scatter all the rest!

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

(1850.)

[At a time, a few years since, when the copper fever had reached its crisis of delirium, happened the truthful incident recorded in the following lines. A mining company had secured a location on the southern shore of Isle Royale in Lake Superior. In order to maintain a squa'ter's claim to the territory—the lands then being Governmental possessions—a hut was reared upon the premises, and a man, Charles Mott by name, together with his wife, Angelica, carried thither and left. Stores were supplied, thought to be sufficient for the maintenance, through the long winter at hand, for the solitary two, but the event proved otherwise. The island, full of loveliness as it is, is all loneliness. Of birds, away from those of prey, and water fowl, there are almost none, save of one species, about the size of a sparrow, and of a voice that is singing all day long and all night, clear as a lark's and musical as a nightingale's; but they abound. The miners call this bird the Pe-dee. Of beasts, a stray fox, or a deer, traveled perilously on the ice from the Canadian shore, are only ever seen, and then but rarely. Unable, consequently, when their provisions were exhausted, to have them renewed by such resource, the squatter and his wife were driven to the worst extremity of destitution. The early life and habits of the latter, (she was Indian born and forest bred), qualified her for sterner endurance than the other, and she yet lives at Sault Ste. Marie to testify of that time and of its trials.]

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

By the fair heaven it is a sight
  That thrills one's soul to see!
Oh, laughing lake, oh, leaping light,
Oh, crystal sky and pearly tide,
  Where sunshine seems a curtain thrown
Abroad the sea and air, to hide
  Some purer lustre than its own!
Where cliff and crag with clouded brow,
Upon the dancing waves below,
  Look stern and frowningly;
And sombre pines thick clustering,
Abroad their veiling shadows fling,
Mellowing the gleam to softer hue,
They seek, but vainly, to subdue!
  Oh, for a home mid such a scene
Of wilderness and evergreen!
Where limpid streams with silvery song,
Speed music as they trip along;
Where sparkling dews from dawn to dawn,
Unwasting pearl the jewelled lawn;
Where wet with mists they latest drank,
Gay-tinted flowers illume the bank,
And mosses throw their fettered links
O'er rocky juts and water-brinks!
Sure skill of elf or fay ne'er wrought
The dream-work of a lovelier spot!

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

"Aye, gentle sir, 'twere sooth you say,
Did sunshine rule each changing day!
But Winter clouds fill Summer skies
And fair winds fail when gales arise."
It was the *Voyageur* that spoke,
As pausing mid the paddle-stroke,
He leaned upon his oar.
"Now mark," quoth he, "mark while I tell
Of what in yonder glade befell
Hard by upon the shore."

Fairly within a sheltering bay,
Our breasting bark had borne its way;
And then the favoring harbor won,
The boatman thus his theme begun:

RIME OF THE VOYAGEUR.

'Tis midnight over land and lake,
And by the tempest's cry,
There's tumult in the air awake
And terror in the sky.

The clouds are drifting wild abreast,
And far with swollen sail—
The drear clouds from the bleak nor'west,
Sped by the rushing gale.

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

'Tis morn; the blast maintains its wrath,
But frownless opes the day
And mounting high on glittering path
Ascends the dawning ray.

"Throw wide the door! Let in the sun!
There needs no thrift of light,
To bar the beams that waste and run,
And starve the famished sight!

"It is enough to bear the pang,
That wrings the frame so sore
Of hunger's rankling venom-fang—
Too much to make it more.

"Let in the light! Let in the light!
And go, ANGELICA—
A sail can ride through storm and night,
Perchance—go, look I pray"

The hut-man said, and feebly leant
Upon his wasted arm,
And watched the waves that sped and spent,
And heard their hoarse alarm.

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

The Winter cold unpityingly,
  Had dealt with cruel hand;
Its icy armor girt the sea,
  Its snows o'erlaid the land.

Alone upon that island rude
  Long months of weary tide,
Had lived and loved through ill and good
  Carl, and his Indian bride.

Ill fared they in the fruitless waste,
  For as the dull time wore,
Perished the guarded crust at last,
  That formed their final store.

Then famine came!—Stranger, pray God
  So thou may'st never know
The pains that gnaw—consume—corrode—
  That brought that strong man low.

Inured to want, her threatening lot,
  The forest-wife withstood,
While pithless fare in misery sought,
  Supplied a scanty food.

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

And day by day the hours rolled on,
And shriveled, shrunk and wan,
A gaunt and ghastly skeleton,
There lay the grieved hut-man.

"Speak, wife! What hope doth morning bring!
Say'st thou a sail? a sail?"
"—It was a sea-gull's flashing wing,
That darted through the gale."

"Stay; heard'st thou not high o'er the jar
Of waves, that shrilly cry?"
"—An eagle's scream echoed from far
That swept careering by."

"The bark! the bark! its creaking mast—
The dashing of its prow
I heard, as bounding free and fast—
Hark! hark! I hear it now.

"It is the brave crew's mingled shout,
And gallantly 'tis sped;
Haste, fling the tattered signal out!
Bread, Holy Virgin, bread!

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

"Was it a treason of the brain?
Hath sense so learned to err?
I pause to meet the sound again,
And now there's none astir.

"It must be so!—Cease, cease, my heart,
Lie still within thy cell;
Now light, and love, and hope depart,
Now life, my life, farewell.

"Farewell!—It was their parting word
And oh, it grieved me sore,
That home-adieu, the last I heard
When parting from the door.

"My father! Did thy soul fore-fear
Aught boding else than well,
As on my palm in thine, a tear
What time thou blest me fell?

"Sister! a dimness palls my brow,
My pulse runs strangely wild—
Come, throw thine arms around me now;
God bless thee, gentle child.

WHO FARED, AND HOW, IN THE HUT ON ISLE ROYALE.

"Say, hang the ripe fruits, Ellie, mine,
Upon the garden tree?—
The purple clusters on the vine?—
And are they not for me?

"But now my weary head needs rest:
Mother!—how fades the light!—
Here, let me dream upon thy breast,
And so—good night—good night!"

"A sail! a sail! ho, Carl, awake!
Lo, 'tis no treacherous guile;
It glides swift bounding o'er the lake,
It steereth for our isle.

"Arouse! arouse!"—Aye, when the blast
Of judgment time is sped;
Then shall the sleeper wake at last—
Christ shield him—Carl is dead!

* * * *

"How say'st thou, stranger?"—Urge thine oar,
Good *Voyageur*, and prate no more.
To-night my dreams shall thither roam—
To-morrow guide our bark for home.

THE LOST AND THE LEFT.

A LAY OF MOUNTAIN LAND.

[The fate of "Effie," whose name is introduced in the following lines, is a myth of the "Mirror Pool" like this, but of a more remote date. It is enough to state here that it was a sad one enough, and had its summing up at last in the same waters. To use the words, in brief, used by the minister upon the event (which Willie it would seem had heard and not forgotten), "That Pool was to Effie as the crystal gate which opens into heaven —it parted at her coming, and when it closed, her soul was in paradise."]

"The birds are singing from the trees,
The rosy dawn is breaking,
The dew is sparkling on the leaves
And Willie may be waking.

"Come, ere the sky be fairly lit,
It kindles up so soon,
And should he wake 'twould grieve him so
To find him there alone."

Her little feet with traceless tread,
Fell light as falls a feather—
So floatingly she tripped along—
And on we passed together.

THE LOST AND THE LEFT.

" The glen rolls out so long and green,
The oak trees reach so high,
So bright the banks all starred with flowers,
And the brook that chases by;
Oh, Willie used to love them well,
And so right well did I.

" At spring of day or at its close
When the sun is lowly seen,
And shadows leaning far away
Stretch out upon the green;

" It was a joy to watch them wave,
And from their pictures dim
To trace out shapes of giant things,
They looked so stern and grim.

" But Willie most the bright brook loved,
And often would he sit
Hour long, to mark the red sunlight
Across its ripples flit.

" Or when it pierced the glassy wave,
And wrapped its sheathing fold
About the pebbles underneath,
Until they shone like gold.

THE LOST AND THE LEFT.

" Well, so it was, upon a day
Since many a long one gone,
Along the path we're treading now,
We two went up alone.

" 'Twas fairly light, and yet the night
Was drawing closely by,
For though a sunset glimpse was left,
A star was in the sky.

" The Mirror Pool beyond the knoll
Hides in a quiet nook,
And through the rocks that ward its sides,
Steals forth the creeping brook.

" Its banks are laced with ivy strings,
Its brink with moss o'ergrown;
And here it was we wandered forth,
And here we sat us down.

" ' Oh, Lilian, see within the pool,
The tall oaks growing, see,
With leaves and branches reaching low,'
And this he said to me;

" ' And there's a bank of shining green,
With corals studded o'er,
And scattered full of the brightest flowers,
You ever saw before!

" ' What lies beyond I cannot tell,
But there, down lower yet,
Is another sky like that o'erhead,
And a star within it set.'

" And then he paused, and then again,
But speaking half aloud:—
' 'Twas here *she* entered, and they said
That Effie was with God!

" ' I wonder what may farther be
Within that fairy glen?—
A short, short time would show it all,
And I come back again.'

" A butterfly went dashing by;
I chased it as it flew:
And so it chanced when I was gone,
But how, I never knew.

THE LOST AND THE LEFT.

"I only know that when I came,
The light-pressed moss was there;
The Pool, I marked, I know not why,
The Pool was calm and clear;
I saw a bubble on it float,
But Willie saw nowhere."

We reached the knoll, we touched the Pool
And Lilian 'gan to call:
A bird upstarted from its edge,
A bird, and that was all.

"Ah, well, another day must pass—
A lonely day of sorrow,
But he'll be waking yet," said she,
"We'll come again to-morrow."

THE LEADER AND HIS ARMY.

An army went a-marching by,
  An army strange to see;
Nor helms they bore, nor war-vests wore,
  To prove what they might be,
But they seemed a band from some strange
      land,
  In a distant, far countrie.

A fearful man he led the van,
  His visage was stern and swart,
And a crooked brand was in his hand,
  Might serve a reaper's art;
And ever again with a look of pride,
He glanced his eye behind and cried:
"Was never a troop like mine beside
  To thrill a chieftain's heart."

Frail men and staunch, old men and young,
  The bare and gray of beard,
And marching on, still marching on,
  A thousand feet they stirred,
A thousand feet all keeping time,
  And never a drum-beat heard.

And who are these, and what art thou,
  Oh, stern and fearful one?—
"I am the Lord, by high appoint,
  Of all this realm alone,
To reign for a hundred ages to come
  As I have for a hundred gone.

THE LEADER AND HIS ARMY.

"My march began with a single man,
When my age was in its prime,
But many again supplied my train,
As lapsed the lapsing time,
Till legions told my arm controlled
Of sinewy men, staunch-willed and bold,
To swell my force sublime.

"Great cities we builded and houses we reared,
As we traversed dale and plain,
And walled them in with huge stone walls,
You would try to raze in vain.
'Twas a pastime rare our way to guile
Planting each huge and massy pile
To see if it would last the while,
Till we came back again.

"And on we marched, and on we marched,
On over level and height,
Through the forest and through the field,
Still onward, day and night,
We tarried not in shine or shade,
But marched with main and might.

"Did a soldier's feet grow faint from toil,
And the heart fail in his breast?—
We hollowed a bed from the soft green sod
Of the choicest and the best,
And wrapped him close in a warm white robe,
And laid him down to rest.

"Ah, many, full many there lie, I wot,
Along the way we've trod
In the burning sands, in frozen lands,
At home and far abroad;
Not a ray from heaven but some one gone
To his resting-place hath lighted him on,
Not a single ray that ever hath shone
From all the stars of God!

"What though they fall, the weary and all
That on my steps attend?—
For each one reft a host is left
To follow me whither I wend;
And the day must come, tide ill or weal,
When a mightier force my train shall fill
Than all these bands thrice told reveal,
Ere my proud career shall end."

And whither, oh, man of dreadful mien,
Doth tend thy art and aim?—
"To a coming day and a battle-fray
And a field of destined fame,
To mete my arm for hurt and harm
With a foe whose glance begets alarm,
Whose strength is fenced with a shielding charm,
Shriveled in limb, with a skeleton form,
And a foul and ghastly name.

THE LEADER AND HIS ARMY.

"With quiver and bow, far to and fro
He stealeth by night and day,
And dealeth his dearth by field and hearth,
As deal it so he may
In the cloister's calm, mid the hall's gay mirth,
Wherever he findeth prey.

"I sow the seed, he reaps the grain,
And blights my planted bloom;
I nurture gladness, kindless he
Springs anguish in its room:
But rule he best who best rule can,
Our hosts shall join yet, van with van,
In a mighty, final battle-plan—
And God mete out for man and man
Fair merit for his doom."

And the Warrior passed, and his train
swept by
With measured, martial tread,
And I heard a trump peal from afar
The sounding note that called to war,
And the strife raged fierce and dread,
And the gathered host, like sickled grain,
Leader and line lay on the plain,
All heaped, and pierced and dead.

THE LEADER AND HIS ARMY.

Then fell a voice from the flaming clouds,
And the victor trembled sore,
Shrinking aloof at the stern decree
Which the awful message bore:
"Thy victory thou hast wrought, oh, DEATH!
Thou, too, shalt be no more."

SONG OF THE DOLLAR.

To my hidden keep in a cavern deep,
Where never the day doth shine,
And the mineral's gleam is the only beam
That kindles the sunless mine.
With struggle and toil he pierced the soil
And his melting brow ran fast,
But the miner's arm wrought under a charm
And he won the prize at last.

"By this precious ore there's joy in store
And a rare new life for me;
For my wealth I'll bend to a right brave end,
The slave of my pride shall be."
Ho! ho! a slave? Let the poor man have
The bliss of his golden dream,
But I'll show the fool like a lord I rule,
With a royal sway supreme.

I heard his shout in the midnight rout,
When he deemed his fond hopes won;
But I heard his curse in the stern reverse
Which the calm-houred morn brought on.
And the untold thought of his breast I caught,
As he wept o'er his innocence lost.
'Twas the pay returned of the prize he earned,
And I was the price it cost.

SONG OF THE DOLLAR.

Men plied their skill with a zealous will,
To mould me as they would,
And bade me wear the sign they bear,
Bannered on field and flood.
Their freedom's sign they made it mine
And stamped it on my face;
"Now, hence be sped—away," they said—
Huzza! for the coming chase.

A gray old man all haggard and wan
Sat shivering in the cold,
A-counting the wealth he had stored by stealth
In heaps of the rarest told;
And I laughed to think how a soul may sink
That clingeth to me so well,
Through self-sought want, starved, ragged and gaunt,
To the nearmost verge of hell.

A bright-eyed maid her vows had paid,
To the plea of a loving youth,
But a suitor there came with a mightier claim,
And she bartered away her truth.
Why should she reck though her heart should break
Through all it lost to win?
Why, though the crime cost heaven and *him*,
With me for the guerdon of sin?

SONG OF THE DOLLAR.

Away! away! 'Neath the night's pale ray,
In a dismal solitude,
A corse all scarred lay on the sward
Red-steeped in its own heart's blood.
Huzza! for the hand and the bright steel brand
And the will that dealt for me,
Tide weal, tide wo, so brave a blow,
Under the green-wood tree.

For me, for me! and on with glee
In my flight I sped amain;
With passions dire set souls on fire,
With madness fed the brain.
I nerved the arm that wrought for harm,
'Gainst pity steeled the heart,
And taught to hate each man his mate,
With the magic of my art.

The high, the low, made foe and foe,
I plied with shrewal design;
'Gainst Wealth's degree ranked Poverty
And roused its rage malign,
'Twas wondrous quite that poor men's spite
Should hound who hoards had won,
When all their life proved one long strife
To make that chance their own.

SONG OF THE DOLLAR.

The waste and wear, the pain and care,
That vexed with heaviest main;
The hope of heaven, through sins forgiven,
Light reckoning weighed for gain;
For never to God in worship bowed,
Hath votary offering paid,
With fonder zeal for a poor soul's weal,
Than mine to me hath made.

I trimmed the light, in the late, lone night,
And I taxed the toiler's art,
I racked the brain till it throbbed with pain
To the pulse of the aching heart:—
Ply stoutly still, ply strength and skill,
Ply hand, and arm and head,
O starveling! thou of the fevered brow,
For I am the price of bread!

Thus far and near in my proud career
Forth, hurrying fast I sped,
Till achieved at last the aim I chased
And back to the earth I fled.
And again in my keep down a fathom deep
My glittertng matter lies,
Under the lid of a coffin hid,
To cover a dead man's eyes!

"ROSES IN THE SPRING I GATHER."

Lines written on the death of Miss Eliza P——.

Spake the grim guest
From his hollow, cavernous breast—
"Roses in the Spring I gather."—*Longfellow.*

Was its sad fate a grief unto thy heart
When first it felt the nearness of its breaking?
Trembled that heart, O Lady! in its pulse
The last pulse spent to shed a trace of life,
Ere stilled life's ebbing? Fell there darkness then
Upon thy soul, as fell upon thine eye,
Its darkness, shutting the soft light apart
It ne'er had closed on but to sleep—to sleep
And wake to greet again?—
The rose had paled
Into a lily likeness on thy cheek,
And through the sunny hours that shed their warmth
To leaf and tint its clusters in the field;
The hours that watched it ripen, saw it fade
And reft it from the stem—through the long hours
That measured Spring and made up Summer-time,
Its hue was thine no more. I knew thy heart
Must weary of its toil, so vainly spent;

"ROSES IN THE SPRING I GATHER."

I knew that when its gushing streams went dry
The thirsty life must perish; but the end
Came not, and when it came, the doubting soul
Had wedded faith with doubt, and felt the pang,
Oh, keenly, which it thought it armed to meet.
So had I watched a leaf, that day and day
Clung to its stem, though the chill air its green
Had wasted, and its plastic tendrils warped;
And I had marked, concerned, when the wind blew,
And thought to see the frail thing swept away;
But there it hung. Last eve there was a calm:
The air breathed not: the slant sunbeams glanced
warm,
So that the robins sang—and the leaf fell!
I had not thought, dear Lady, when we met,
Where last we met, that so we, too, should part.
The trees were over us, laden with leaves,
Broad Summer leaves, that threw their shadows
down
And shut the skies' fierce Summer burnings out.
A streamlet laved its pebbly brink with waves
Tiny and sparkling, and a silver fount
Sprung from the rock, as by some prophet touch,
Leaped gushing forth. Thy voice was in mine ear—
How tuned its music with the rich-toned scene!

"ROSES IN THE SPRING I GATHER."

Thine eye was in my soul; and still we talked
Of life, and what the days that were to come
Should bring to meet life's hopes. The reaching bank
Was laced in the green vest of its own weaving;
And of the trailing ivy's slender threads,
And myrtle-sprigs, unskillful fingers wrought,
In toying mood, a wreath to bind thy brow,
And pride a heart, when night should bring its mirth
And music, and its throng. The cypress waved,
And dipped its tresses, weeping, in the pool,
And plaintive sighed. *Its time was not yet come!*
But the grim Terror has achieved its end!
The festal hours will fillet with the links
That make up life's frail chain, as they have done;
May-joys amid the flowers—sports in the wood—
And in the crowded hall its merriment;
Bright eyes will shine—light feet will trip along,
And lips—lit from the heart's warm fire—will glow;
Music will rise, and silvery voices ring
To their own echoes; but from the vacant place
Hallowed to thy remembrance, no response
Will fling an answer back; and there are those
Whose pulses then will pause, whose tongues grow mute,

"ROSES IN THE SPRING I GATHER."

And hurried glances pass from eye to eye,
Beaming the thought they may not whisper there—
"Alas! ELIZA is no more!"
Farewell, sweet maiden!
Not thou alone of all the beautiful
Shalt vanish from our sight. Where thou hast been,
Others are tarrying, and whither art
They hasten on; for so 'tis writ on high.
Angels, they tell us, pass from earth and heaven,
Spirits with spirits winged from light to light,
On the blest mission. Alas! they ever go
But only go, and come not back again!
But why thy fate awaken starts of grief?
'Tis a thin veil—that broad, air-woven sky—
That hangs between our worlds, and chase it thence—
One breath of God can sweep it as the storms
Are swept—the bar is gone, that screens our view—
And heaven is open. Death for the chosen few
Uplifts the curtain on the closing day
That calls the living dead to their new sphere—
But that will come in its appointed time!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

(Written for the Centennial Celebration of the taking of Fort Duquesne—Nov. 28, 1858.)

When worn by toil—achieved the perilous way—
Stretched for repose the weary soldier lay,
His couch the leaf-strewn mould,
Ere slumber fell, his erring gaze surveyed
The varied vast of native wilds displayed—
Steep, down, and heath and wold.

Aching the sense—for stern the moon that rules—
Drear prospects all, fens, brakes and sedgy pools,
The cheerless landscape fill;
Meet haunts where prowling creatures furtive wait,
And stir of spray or leaf betrays nigh strait
Of ambush and of ill.

Afar, a happier view allures; the glow
Of twilght, tarried lingeringly and low
Upon the horizon's edge,
Back sped, the tide, piercing between, doth drape,
And all the heights, with sheen—the heights that gape,
Cleft by the silver wedge.

"O scene of solitude!" the soldier sighed,
"O dearth of cheer! O wealth in waste untried!
Times yet, perchance, may boast
Miraculous arts, and wondrous ends confess,
But scarce for thee redeem, O wilderness!
The tithe of all thy cost.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

"A bitter cost! Distresses that appal
Perils and pains, life's offered self, and all
To wrest a wretched gain;
For who will heed, a hundred years gone by,
If Grant, or Bouquet were, or such as I—
Or thou, old Fort Duquesne?"

The murmurer said, and quieting to rest
Fixed his last watch, to make the closing blest,
Upon the far serene;
And heaven vouchsafed response, and as he slept,
Quick in the hovering beam, prophetic, leapt
A marvelous vision then.

Green valleys spread, long verdurous slopes unroll,
Rich pastures gem the hills, while mid the whole,
Dotting the parcelled lands,
Rear cottages, and homes of statelier guise
And roofs whose spires point signaling to the skies
The house not made with hands.

And merry laughter peals abroad; the ring
Of elves, unseen amid the vines that string
The lattices, at play;
And on the green the mirth of pastime's chance,
Where revel meets to wreath the eve, and dance
The dewy hours away.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

By yonder inn, far down the rural glen,
Prating of "suffrage," "rights" and "laws and men,"
Assemble groups at large;
And on strange banners stranger rede relates
Of "INDEPENDENCE" and "UNITED STATES"—
Ho! treason to King George!

The rivers roll, and on the sparkling tide
In countless fleets, huge, freighted transports ride;
And lo! a miracle!
Nor sail to urge, nor line, nor bladed stroke—
And driving on, mid vapor, flame and smoke,
The breathing hulks impel!

Hark! a wild shriek—a flashing from remote!
Hath a loosed devil oped its brazen throat,
With scathful burnings molt?—
A rush—a whirl—and hurtling by, behold,
Tamed to man's will, and for his use controlled,
Harnessed—a thunderbolt!

The nearer scene its scheme of marvel bares;
Cities upsprung, wharves, marts and thoroughfares,
Thronged with their multitudes.
And from the shelters resonant the while,
Ceaseless the din of wide-prevailing toil,
And clamorously, obtrudes.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

A thousand hearths belch flames; a thousand floors
Groan with the burthens forged of ponderous ores;
  Labor, a Titan grown,
Claims its arena here, and travails, told
In fabulous phrase to exalt a myth of old,
  As hackneyed tasks are known.

Trophies of arts immortal everywhere!
—Startled the sleeper woke; aslant the air
  Kindled a lurid glow,
And night beheld—swathed in a sullen red
Its strong appointments crushed, its warders fled—
  Old Fort Duquesne laid low!

Pledge of fulfillment to thy vision see,
O dreamer, in the wreck! The years to be
  Shall greet the glad surprise,
And out the ashes of the ruins waste,
A kingly present o'er the savage past
  Shall splendidly arise.

WHY THEY CAME TO MONTEREY.

(1846.)

Upon the heights of Monterey,
When the war-fray had past,
A group of fallen soldiers lay,
In life's last throe aghast.

I asked them then: "Whence came ye here,
Upon this stern essay,
Oh, men of heart, to bide war's fear
And fate at Monterey?"

Up spoke a bleeding warrior then:
"Glory enwreathes the name,
Like as a god's that heroes win;
I fought and fell—for FAME."

Thou with the darkened brow?—"Mine both
Was love's and honor's wrong;
I pledged requital with an oath:
REVENGE is passing strong."

Fair youth, whose eyes flash while they fade,
Like beams at eventide?—
"Enough; my COUNTRY claimed my aid,"
He proudly said, and died.

But what frail form amid the slain
  Doth to my gaze appear—
Unwonted sight for such a scene—
  Maiden, whence art thou here?

"To bind the bleeding victim's wound,
  To soothe the sufferer's woe;
'Twas MERCY'S call my footsteps owned,
  And heaven hath laid me low."

Oh, tell me thou, and tell me true,
  That read'st this humble lay,
To whom is loftiest tribute due,
  Of all that fell that day?

Rear ye your columns o'er the brave,
  And blaze their fame afar;
Its proudest mead let valor have—
  'Twas well earned in that war:

But let *her* sleep unmocked by art—
  Its noblest toils decay:
Enshrined of God, she lives apart;
She of the noble hero-heart;
  The MAID OF MONTEREY!

THE PRISONER OF LAZARE.

(1849.)

[The incident upon which the following lines are based may be found told in Alison's History of England.]

Nay, lay the page aside, John,
Nor heed the treacherous tale,
That deeds which most accrue to fame,
May best for fame avail.
To live in story is not all,
For story sets at rest,
That they live best who least adorn,
And least who merit best.

Staunch men of worth have been, John,
With men of emptier mould,
Though these be writ in lines obscure,
And these in lettered gold.
But not the glare which vests a name,
Confirms the claim implied;
Stars seeming least are mightiest,
And nearer heaven beside.

Now heed while I relate, John,
And mark the lesson well—
Yon tottering cripple ghast and gray,
Will witness what I tell.
Go where he leans upon his crutch,
Salute his fading ear,
And learn if such a chance e'er fell,
Be-known in his career.

THE PRISONER OF LAZARE.

There lived upon a time, John,
A man wide-known of men—
A HERO;—many such have been,
And oft will be again.
With armed might he held his march,
Traversing to and forth
The sunny lands of southern climes
And snow-fields of the north.

And still his standard waved, John,
Triumphant where he passed,
For though contending zeal might strive,
'Twas forced to yield at last.
In vain devoted breasts opposed
A bulwark firm and true,
With ruthless hand and reckless blade,
He hewed his passage through.

The blood that warmed the hearts, John,
Of such as you and I,
In reeking gushes bathed the soil,
Empurpled with its dye.
The homes of happy ones were spoiled,
Towns stormed and seized a prey,
And cities of a thousand years,
Made ashes in a day.

THE PRISONER OF LAZARE.

No pestilential scourge, John,
No plague far-dealing harm,
E'er wrought the tithe of ill that crowned
The havoc of his arm.
And all for what?—that vain applause
Might ring in aftertime;
As though the incense of our breath
Could sanctify the crime!

Now farther heed, I pray, John:
There was, when terror reigned,
And murder stalked at will abroad,
Unhindered, unrestrained,
Within the proud metropolis,
That owned the horrid sway,
A man devoted mid the mass,
Ordained to die, one day.

Arraigned, adjudged, condemned, John,
And spotless of offense,—
Though ruling law then most contemned,
Spoke purest innocence,—
Himself to shield another's fate
Vicarious offering made;
Assumed the fault his comrade due,
And perished in his stead.

THE PRISONER OF LAZARE.

Now, tell me, pondering well, John,
And fairly in thy heart,
Which of the twain by loftier deed
Achieved the nobler part?
Who merits for high valor proved,
The prouder wreath to wear?
The HERO of a hundred fields,
Or PRISONER OF LAZARE?

And yet in annals penned, John,
Barely and brief assigned,
A nameless line to hand *him* down,
Is all the note you find,
While volumes for the conqueror-chief,
Are found, when filled, too few,
To trace the race from MONTENOTTE
To bloody WATERLOO!

Then lay the page aside, John,
Nor heed the treacherous tale,
That deeds which most accrue to fame
May best for fame avail.
To live in story is not all,
For story sets at rest,
That they live best who least adorn,
And least who merit best.

NIGHT THOUGHTS—TOUCHING ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

(1847.)

'Twas when the chime had tolled, James, its three times three and three,
All in the silent midnight, so low and mournfully;
I wot not how it was, James, perhaps I idly dreamed,
But o'er my sense a vision came, and thus the vision seemed.

Methought a pictured scene, James, lay open to my eyes,
Of field and grove, and cottage home, blue streams and sunny skies:
And joyous sounds were heard, James, and happy smiles were seen,
All in the field, and by the hearth, and on the open green.

The smile was by the hearth, James, in rosy wreaths revealed,
And the song—it rung so cheerily—the song was in the field;
And the mother and the sire, James, toiled gratefully away,
For song and smile were on the green, with the children all at play.

NIGHT THOUGHTS—TOUCHING ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

The birds, they flitted by, James, full gaily on the wing,
Or lightly lingered on the boughs, to woo the leaves and sing;
But the carrion raven soared, James, as best the raven might,
And shrieked, all famished from the cloud, and darted out of sight.

I heard a trumpet sound, James, it swept o'er glade and linn,
And in the beating of my heart, I read the fearful sign;
The smithy forge grew red, James, and the steel rang shrill and far,
And plumed armsmen sallied forth,—the trumpet told of WAR!

I saw the hosts arrayed, James, all marshalled for the fight,
Their keen blades drawn against the sun, and flashing in its light,
And flag and pennon waved, James, and banner in the wind;
But a darker sign loomed up afar—the raven soared behind.

NIGHT THOUGHTS—TOUCHING ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

Then bursting forth in flames, James, there boomed
a thunder loud,
As when the voice of God unfolds its terror in the
cloud;
And shouts of triumph rose, James, and ven-
geance-laden cries,
And shrieks of anguish piercing all, rang wildly to
the skies.

The battle-vapor rose, James, all wreathingly about,
And in its spreading folds, enveiled the horrors that
it wrought;
But still the warring forms, James, passed grimfully
between
Like phantom heroes, struggling on, amid a phan-
tom scene.

And on, with frenzied zeal, James, the ardent forces
prest,
Rider and rider, steed and steed, and footmen breast
to breast;
Christ's mercy shield their bosoms now, and ward
the fatal fray,
For ne'er had perilled men more need of timely aid
than they!

NIGHT THOUGHTS—TOUCHING ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

Who thought of mercy at that hour, or recked of
pity's claim?
Who yielded aught in heart or hand to purchase
aught but Fame?
Oh, wounded life might bleed in vain, and urge its
suppliant groan
Though death and hell depended there, in barter for
renown!

And now above the strife, James,—'twas thus my
vision changed—
Low brooding o'er the smoking field, dark groups of
fiends were ranged,
And as each victim fell, James, they pounced them
briskly down,
And stamped their red seal on his brow, and marked
him for their own.

They marked him for their own, James, for, deemed
they ill or fair,
They deemed the waste of carnage won, as trophies
they might bear;
And with each dying groan, James, this glee of
theirs was blent:
"Long live the champion of our cause; long live the
President!"

NIGHT THOUGHTS—TOUCHING ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

But not alone, indeed, James, for, tempted from his lair,
The dusk wolf prowled amid the scene, and made his banquet there;
And the raven from the clouds, James, his flaunting pinions spread,
And perched him on the crimsoned plain, and battened on the dead.

Then, "Whose?" my spirit cried, James; "Oh, whose the damning sin,
That wrought this ill, and marred the grace that hailed my vision in?"
And but the demons' glee, James, a tone responsive lent:
"Long live the champion of our cause! Long live the President!"

ON HEARING THE "LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

*As executed by Harry K*****.*

(1847.)

Oh, Harry, when thy magic-breathing art
Bade its impassioned flow o'erwhelm my heart,
Springing the fountain of a long-sealed joy,
That freshened life when liveliest 'n the boy,
But lost its gushing when its youth was lost,
I blest thee for the seraph-gift it cost!
Is thine a prophet's touch whose virtue shed,
Can new revive a past existence dead?—
Can re-awake the chords that long have lain
Toneless, and start them into life again?
How like a spirit's plaint shed o'er the parting
Of some old fondness, those sad numbers starting!
"'Tis THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER!" In the swell
Of the full strain, the passing air doth tell
Its grief-lay o'er the spoils of fragrance strown;

ON HEARING THE "LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

And o'er the lonely lingerer breathes a moan,
Mingling a sigh with sighings of its own;
And then, still gliding, in each accent stirred,
That falls, the falling of a leaf is heard,
Torn from its stem and rudely tost awaft
On the chafed heavings of the windy draught,
Till when you pause with ear prepared for pain
To find it crushed—subsides the generous strain;
A floating, trembling cadence wins the lay,
And leaf and song, pass trancingly away.

Give me to hear, when life has reached its eve,
Some kindred chant to that I've heard thee weave,
Anc like the bird whose fine heart breaks, beneath
The melting passion of its own rich breath,
My soul shall soar, by the blest impulse driven,
And plumed with melody, mount up to heaven!

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE.

(1852.)

Rend, oh, ye toilers stout, rend with your might,
Tear the gaunt walls away, battered and rude;
Leave not a wreck behind marring the site,
Where the old edifice vauntingly stood.
Worm-eaten timbers hewn from the old soil
By the old builders whole ages ago;
Raze the rude handicraft—scatter and spoil—
Splendors of Then be the refuse of Now.

Why should the fane remain, bared of its pride,
Stripped of the glory whose grace was its all?
Why, when its altars, high incense denied
Sink to the use of the victualler's stall?
Shatter the shell rather, batter the mould;
Be the crazed carcass in pity laid low;
Better though dead be in chronicles told
Lion of Then than the live dog of Now.

So be the honored ones linked with its fame,
Justice, and juror, and tipstaff, heaven knows,
Ashes with ashes, and earth with its same,
Buried from sight in oblivious repose.
Close be their rest! Were they ope to our eyes
Honor to merit less due might allow;
Genius lose cast and succumb—for its guise—
Buckskin of Then to the Broadcloth of Now.

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE.

Oh, the strange histories, mysteries, fears,
Copied from life on those crowded walls writ!
Destinies dragged from the promise of years,
Down to Belshazzar's dark dream of a night!
Jealousies, enmities, hatred, strife, fraud,
Innocence slaughtered on perjury's vow,
Brother 'gainst brother and man against God—
Purchase of Then with perdition of Now!

Heaven save the right! 'twas no crime of the court,
Calling for chide if its issues forged ill!
Justice aimed well if her shafts sped false hurt,
Parried by statutes, not thwart by her will,
Judges were true, 'twas the law was perverse,
Pleaders, as tallied their practice, so too,
Jurymen, kept in due caution, no worse—
Not a whit, Then—maybe better as Now!

Rend the old temple, then, crush it amain,
Havoc hold riot, spoil, ravage, consume;
Let the shire's loss be the marketman's gain;
Hucksters dole fish where their "Honors" dealt
doom;
So may its dust, with a civil grace boast
Grander renown than its lasting might show,
Nor the stark dome in the stately be lost,
Pigmy of Then in the Giant of Now!

JOWLER.

Lines written on the occasion of his demise.

Altho' a dog o' high degree,
The feint a pride na pride had he.
* * * *
Nae tawted tyke tho' e'er sae buddie
But he wad stawnt as glad to see him
And stroant on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.—*Burns.*

Rest lightly in thy grave, Jowler,
Beneath the fruit-tree's shade,
Where oft in giddy pupling time,
Facetious thou hast played.
Thou wert a faithful dog erewhile,
And had'st a gentle heart,
And now may peace there wait thee, where
Coffined and cribbed thou art.

I know full well, 'tis vain, Jowler,
To mourn thy hapless fate,
Or yield to fruitless grief the heart
Left reft and desolate,
For sighs from bosoms overwrought,
Nor tears of feeling shed,
May aught avail to heal despair,
When one's best joy hath fled.

And yet the sigh will heave, Jowler,
And yet the tear will flow,
And still the heart will melt with grief,
The bosom throb with woe.
The flower that weeps its faded leaf,
May weep not all in vain,
But loves once dead no future Spring
Can wake to life again!

The stars abroad the sky, Jowler,
Their lamp-light radiance pour,
And pale the deepened shadows pent
Within thy kennel door;
But fruitlessly my aching gaze
Doth sweep thy vacant lair,
No answering glance reflects mine own,
To mark thy presence there.

I'll miss thee often hence, Jowler,
At early twilight fall,
Thy beaming brow, thine honest face,
Thy wagging tail, and all.
To hail thy gladsome bark, in vain
My home-bent feet shall wait—
In vain to win thy greetings more,
All at the garden gate.

JOWLER.

And by the blazing fire, Jowler,
When winter nights are long,
And tales of the border-times are told,
Or sung in some olden song;
Ah, an ear the less will be to hear,
An eye the less to see,
And a vacant place on the hearth-stone bare,
Will call a sigh for thee.

Farewell, alas, farewell, Jowler!
Full many a friend I've known,
Full many a friend to force a smile,
Or yield a flattering tone;
But faith ne'er sprung a truer love,
From "human heart divine,"
Than that which sent, despised dog,
Its honest gush from thine!

TRAY'S MEDITATIONS.

Calm be thy slumbers, faithful Tray,
Calm in thy bed,
Low-gathered underneath the clay,
Where they have laid thy bones away,
And left thee—dead!

No common dog, dear TRAY, wert thou,
In life's short age;
For *instinct* shown upon thy brow,
And something in thy deep bow-wow
Proclaimed the sage.

When ugly curs at evening made
Their hideous wail,
Mutely thy musing eye surveyed
Bright themes for thought around displayed,
Perched on thy tail.

Oft have I seen thy vision turned
Up to the skies,
Where thy intelligence discerned,
In all the little stars that burned,
Strange mysteries.

TRAY'S MEDITATIONS.

And then, thy keen glance fixed on one
That glimmered far,
"If souls of men live when they're gone,"
Thou thought'st; "Why not of dogs when flown,
In yonder star?

"Though diverse in our natures, yet
It don't ensue
That other judgment we should meet,
Because we muster four good feet
Instead of two.

"And if in some light, wanton freak
Of Nature's mind,
She planted hair upon our back,
And in capricious mood did tack
A tail behind;

"It matters not. That coat of hair
Is very thin;
But the habiliment we wear,
To fend the heart from wintry air,
We have within.

TRAY'S MEDITATIONS.

"Ah, no; what selfish man would have
For him alone,
To us a title Nature gave;
We, too, shall live beyond the grave,
When we are gone."

Now, when at twilight's solemn hour,
O'er field and lea,
I see the dog-star gently pour
Its beamy light—a gentle shower—
I think of thee.

And well, I wot, thy spacious mind
With journey brief,
Hath mounted like a breath of wind,
And thou art in that orb enshrined
A thing of life.

Then peace be to thy ashes, TRAY,
In their long rest!
Faithful wert thou in thy short day,
And, now that thou art passed away,
I know thou'rt blest.

VACCINE MATTER.

A greeting to thee, cow!
From my veiled casement thro' the clambering vines
That shadow me, save when in wavy lines
Through wind-stirred leaf and bough
The moonlight falls, lone and dispirited
I mark thee where thy straying feet have led,
And hail thee now.

For cattle in the mass,
Expressly such as range the "common" ground,
I entertain a sentiment profound
Of—but let feeling pass;
'Twere vain to drop a strong expression here,
Or hint by contrast of the love I bear
For thee—all vain, alas!

The vulgar prejudice
Hath turned its nose against thee, and disdain
Would recompense an effort to maintain
Thy peerless worth, like this;
But what the deuce for public scorn care I?—
My song's for thee, and if it please thee, why
I crave no higher bliss.

Hold up, thou brindle-hued,
Thy modest face—so;—what an eye is there,
Languid and drooping, such as maidens bear
In sunny latitude!
Oh, would that thou two less, or I two more
Of legs might wear—the joints reversed before—
I'd mate, in sooth I would.

VACCINE MATTER.

What, though the fact be so,
That thou within thy front hast, placed, a horn!—
So has the moon in hers, and I've, since morn,
In mine had one or two.
I love a "horn," such virtue it contains
To rifle wryful thoughts by rye-ful means,
And make one's spirits flow.

It boots not, though the thought
Will urge itself, that thy tongue cannot reach
The length of human skill and frame a speech;
Thy glance is sentence-fraught,
And thy one sigh may deeper passion move
Than hours of prattle pitched to theme of love
From beauty's liplets caught.

So when old Zeüs gazed
On one of thine, as I on thee, erewhile,
Seraphs were "nowhere" when a heifer's smile
His pensive heart becrazed,
He dropt the god-like, and with horn prepared,
And hoof and hide—Jove! how the cattle stared!—
In bullock beauty blazed.

VACCINE MATTER.

His aim he won, but I—
The trick of transmutation is, alas,
The gods' own: true one may become an ass
And lay his manhood by,—
A goat—a calf—but never yet, I trow,
Could mortal magic into bull or cow
Convert humanity.

In vain my anxious heart
Throbs restlessly within its prison-place,
And yearns to fold thee in its warm embrace;
For we are shut apart
By destiny—I doomed to wander on
Amid my kind, all friendless and alone,
While thou else-fated art.

But still I'll meditate
Daylight and night of thee, thou queen of kine;
Still faithful own no other love than thine,
Though sundered wide by fate,
And still I'll hope that as time onward rolls,
We yet may be united in our soles—
Meanwhile I'll try and wait.

KATY DID.

Sweet eventide minstrel whose low-trilling lay,
Unhushed from thy leafy repose,
When the voices are mute that have chanted all day,
Still wakefully lingering flows;
There's a witchery mingles and speeds with thine art,
In the stir of its motion along,
And a spell as of magic entrances my heart,
As I list to thy murmuring song—
"Katy did—Katy did!"

That hour's throbbing memories!—the twilight's repose,
The balmy air-breathings of even,
The skies in their setting withdrawn to disclose
A far glimpse of the glories of heaven;
The rivulet kissing the leaves as they played
By the skirt of its silver-edged tide,
The bower where I sat, and—oh, who, say, the maid,
Gentle warbler, that sat by my side?
"Katy did—Katy did."

KATY DID.

I see her e'en now as she seemed to me then,
When the time of our parting was near,
And I feel the warm breath from her lips fall again,
Its touch on my cheek and its tone on my ear;
She told not—I asked not—the thought that lay hid
Like a pearl in its bosom-shrine kept,
But the pledge of its presence shone pure from her lid,
And I knew that she loved, when she wept:
"Katy did—Katy did."

Like a dream fled that hour—oh, the bliss of the dream!
But the time of its waking came on;
The twilight had parted its last paly beam
And the night's dewy curtains were drawn;
I clasped her soft hand—how its pulse throbbed with mine!
Then folded her warm to my breast.
She sighed, blushed and faltered, oh, moment divine!
And her lips lightly meeting, she kissed—
"Katy didn't!—Katy didn't!"

KATY DID.

Farewell, gentle minstrel, thy murmuring cease;
By the shadows on hillside and dell,
And the moon through the pine-tops, the night wears
apace;
Farewell, tiny minstrel, farewell!
Now fondly entranced on my pillow I rest,
Sweet dreams a sweet memory bringing;
To-morrow I'll think that she dreamed of me, too,
And the leaf-sheltered elves will be singing—
"Katy did—Katy did!"

MURMURINGS OF MEMORY.

There are dreams that steal over my spirit,
  Fond dreams of my earlier years,
When the smiles of a bright, sunny May-sky,
  Never dimmed from the flow of its tears.
As stars when the twilight is fading,
  So they, in life's vanishing eve,
Illumed by the light long departed,
  The gloom of the present relieve.

Ah, would that these fond recollections,
  So sweet and so beautiful, too,
Could bid each dear object they treasure,
  To spring into being anew!
But 'tis fruitless, alas, to imagine
  Their presence may cheer me again!
The heart can but cling to the shadow,
  And sigh for the real in vain.

'Twas a happy illusion that cheated
  My soul in its earlier day,
When I thought that its hopes and affections
  Could never grow dim, or decay.
I had known but the life-breathing Spring-time,
  Its verdure, its brightness, its joy;
Nor dreamed that a Winter was coming,
  To wither and blast and destroy.

MURMURINGS OF MEMORY.

With a heart all untried and untutored,
I courted each day as it sped;
Never pined for the light of to-morrow
Nor mourned when its luster had fled;
For love o'er each lingering moment,
Shed a beam of such exquisite bliss,
That the transport of *that* one ere faded,
Was lost in the rapture of *this!*

Like a spell o'er each tendril of feeling,
Its softening influence stole,
Till the charm of the dreamy enchantment,
Pervaded the depths of the soul.
How joyous the soft muffled footsteps
Of the hours as they gaily passed on!
Not a care to embitter their coming,
Nor a grief to remember when gone!

But a change my glad spirit awaited,
And oh, how its feeling was tried,
When hope after hope that it cherished,
Grew weary, and sickened and died!
It was thus that the dearest affections
Enshrined in my bosom, decayed;
Thus left the sad heart they deluded,
To mourn o'er the ruin they made.

Yet though dimmed is each bright ray of promise,
That once in life's young vision shone,
Though faded its best expectations
And all its gay fantasies flown,
Still with joy their fond memory I'll treasure,
Though mingled with sadness they seem,
And lose in the light that surrounds them,
Every grief that would darken my dream.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I love the twilight hour; when the hot rays
Of day, too bright, are fled, and heaven displays,
In lieu of brilliant tinsel and the glare
Of flashing splendor, dazzling the dazed air,
Her simple form, undecked, and robed anew
In its plain dress of unassuming blue.

Oh, I have sat, and mused, and fondly gazed,
Watching the spiral flames that upward blazed
From day's death-pyre—have seen them softly flow
Like love-born blushes o'er a maiden's brow,
And wane, and fade, till from the face of heaven,
As by the breath of angels they were driven.

And then when these had fled, and waves of shade,
Their surges, gathering darkness, there portrayed,
Bedimmed that painted sea, I've seen upspring
With marvelous birth unknown, a beauteous thing;
And as it sailed through yielding depths afar,
I've loved the image of that smiling star.

Sweet Star of Eve! Thou seem'st the spirit blest
Of some expiring beam newly released
From its empurpled prison; and how fair,
How beautiful, thou art!—I would I were
A kindred star, that I might ever glide,
And drink thy rays, and glisten by thy side!

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I love thee, meek-eyed one: others as bright
May smile, as sweetly, in the dusk-wrapt night,
But oh, there's none in all that sapphire plain,
Though heaven should show, unveiled, each hidden
train,
That can one joyous thought awake within,—
One memory renew, could equal thine.

Methinks I see the flower-enameled glade,
The rippling spring that flowed there, the cascade
That glitterered as it fell, close by the hill,
Making faint echoes in the grove, so still
And quiet, and the leaves' sweet whisperings,
To airs that, passing, whispered, too, sweet things:

And, LILIAN, thee, when by that water-fall,
The stream beside, the lawn before, and all
Garnished with figured green, we stood—oh! say,
Thou smiling orb, did not thy prying ray
Detect the untold thought within the eye revealed,
Or catch the love-fused blush, in vain concealed?

That hour has passed; but often since I've thought,
With fond remembrance of that sacred spot;
And as I mingle with the throng again—
The dull, cold throng of heartless, selfish men,
Despondent then I go to weep and mourn,
That twilight joys, as once, may ne'er return.

SONGS.

DEDICATORY HYMN.—No. 1.

[Sung at the opening of the Allegheny Cemetery.]

I.

Not as the mourner comes, O God!
With heavy grief opprest,
When, to receive its charge, the sod
Unfolds its riven breast,
Hither we come our rite to prove —
A ceremonial dread!—
And consecrate this shadowy grove,
The living for the dead.

II.

Home of the future tomb! thy haunts,
Have only waked ere now,
To song of birds, and zephyr-chants,
From sheltering leaf and bough;
But other tones shall fill thy glades,
And murmur through thy dales—
The voice of sadness in their shade,
When love its lost bewails.

III.

Field of the greenwood's cherishing,
Not henceforth freed from toil!
Another harvest yet shall spring
Forth from thy furrowed soil,
For here, within this hallowed ground,
Where blade and flower alone,
To bloom, and fade, and fall, are found,
Shall other seed be sown.

IV.

Lord of the coming harvest! when
Thine awful judgment calls,
And at Thy word the ripened grain
Before the Reapers* falls,
Oh, may the seeds implanted here
All perfected arise—
Be gathered in thine arms, and share
The garner of the skies.

V.

Thus while our lingering footsteps now,
Press on the verdant sward,
To Thee, O God! our earnest vow
We solemnly record:
Rest for the stricken, silenced heart!
Sleep for the weary head!
This sacred field we set apart,
Forever to the dead!

* "The harvest is the end of the world and the reapers are the angels."—*Matthew.*

DEDICATORY HYMN.—No. 2.

[Sung at the Opening of the Sewickley Cemetery.]

I.

As pilgrims on the barren waste
  Of dreary desert-sands astray,
With anxious heed and earnest quest,
  Anticipate the doubtful way,
And, timely, with the night in view,
  Seek, ere the day leans to its close,—
Thoughtful of ease through toils yet due—
  Choice stead for shelter and repose;

II.

Here, followers through a wilderness,
  Of paths uncertain and remote,
While we a kindred aim confess,
  A kindred care, Lord, we devote,
To meet the need that lies beyond,
  And harbor seek to shield us best,
When, life's last task of service owned,
  We gather to our final rest.

III.

Thanks to Thy name, Almighty One!
  For the sure promise Thou dost deign,
That the deep slumbers thus begun,
  Shall, waiting cease, not wait in vain;
That darkness, silence, and the pause
  Of still oblivion shall have end,
And fair above the night's stern awes
  The dawn of a new morn ascend.

IV.

Sleep, only sleep: no ruder doom;
No vital rest with rest of breath;
No bane suppressless to consume,
Nor death, as doubters dream of death!
Sleep, only sleep: shut for a space
From the world's troublous sphere of strife,
To wake, regenerate, heirs through grace,
Of Resurrection and of Life!

V.

Thus with the rapturous faith at heart,
That challenges distrust and fear,
Stayed by the pledge Thy words impart,
Lord, we approach Thy presence here!
Own Thou our mission, hear our plea,
That this, our chosen camp of rest,
Protected by Thy watch may be,
And by Thy generous favor blest.

VI.

Forever be these shelters sure,
Warded from peril and from harm,
These sylvan solitudes secure
From rude obtrusion and alarm;
Forever hallowed, nor profaned,
And by our rite devoutly paid,—
Be Thou the warrant!—hence ordained
Forever sacred to the dead!

MEMORIAL SONG.

[Sung at the celebration of Memorial Day (1869) at Sewickley Cemetery.]

ROSES—strew roses the choicest and best,
Over the graves where our dear ones are laid;
Be the warm passion their blushes betray,
Type of the true love we own for the dead.
Mantle their sleep with the tenderest care,
Make the repose of the slumberers blest;
With the RED crown the turf of their covering there—
Hallow the beds where the Boys are at rest!

LILIES—twine lilies to garland the green,
Wreathe all the furrows with leaves of their bloom;
Pure as the faith of our heroes their sheen,
Clear as the fame which its beamings illume.
Mantle their sleep with the tenderest care,
Make the repose of the slumberers blest;
With the RED and the WHITE crown their covering there—
Hallow the beds where the Boys are at rest.

VIOLETS over their ashes be cast!
Perish they soon?—so the beautiful may,
But the perfume—the glory—lives on to the last,
Wasteless and fadeless, abiding for aye!
Mantle their sleep with the tenderest care,
Make the repose of the slumberers blest;
With the RED, WHITE and BLUE crown their covering there—
Hallow the beds where the Boys are at rest!

THROUGH THE NIGHT ROLLED THE RIVER.

Through the night swept the water!—the mirroring wave,
For each star that looked down traced an image to view;
But a glance was revealed there the skies never gave,
Though it fell from a heaven full as beaming and blue:—
My love's gentle eye on its surface reposed!
Oh, my life would have parted its best joy forever,
To read the fond look, but its meaning was closed
In the clasp of the tide,—and away rolled the river!

Through the night swept the water!—the sighing air wreathed
Its fold round the wave that rose up at its side,
But a sigh met the ear that the wind never breathed,
And a warm bosom heaved that was not of the tide.
Oh, whose was the gift—hush thy beating, my heart!—
That sigh, when it dropt from the lips of the giver?
But the air answered not from the billow apart,
And silently on through the night rolled the river.

THROUGH THE NIGHT ROLLED THE RIVER.

Through the night swept the water!—its whisperings were heard
Through the stillness faint-imaged, yet far reaching on,
But a whisper there fell which no echoing stirred,
Though it lingered as well where its accent had flown.
'Twas the murmur low-told in my love's listening ear,
That made her cheek glow, and her ruby lips quiver;
She said not, but pictured below lay hope's cheer—
The blush in the wave, where away rolled the river.

Through the night swept the water!—but heeded not passed
The glance of the beam and the gush of the tide!
Her hand was in mine where it lay on my breast,
And her lips—could the rapture implored be denied?
Oh, the wind kissed the wave, and the wave kissed the shore;
But if love's pledge were met in that hour else wherever
The echoes were mute—and still on, as before,
Still silently on through the night rolled the river!

A HEALTH TO THE HEART.

A health to the heart that heeds sorrow the lightest,
  Nor shrinks if the finger of fate on it fall;
The heart that e'en still, as when life shines the brightest,
  Can meet its worst darkness and smile through it all.
Shed a tear, if you will over thoughts dearly cherished,
  To prove a regret when their presence is fled;
But bury not hope with its fondnesses perished—
  The *tear* is full tribute to pay to the dead.

And what though the joy that we thought to have tasted,
  Be dashed from the lips ere its virtue is known?
Why, *let it*—nor suffer a sigh to be wasted;
  The future's rich store is not bound up in one.
Oh, no; one but parts to give place to another
  In the fleeting but ne'er ending circle of bliss;
Like the light where one hemisphere meets with the other—
  The sunset of that is the sunrise of this.

A HEALTH TO THE HEART.

Oh, let time if he please hug the doting idea,
That his tricks may subdue—it will prove all in vain;
If a seven years' waiting for Rachel win Leah,
We'll be happy with her—*and try service again.*
Come defeat or success, we'll remember the warning,
And content shall control when ill humor presumes,
That shadows are longest when soonest the morning,
And deepest when brightest the beam that illumes.

THE SHADE OF THE WILLOW TREE.

Oh, 'tis not the mere charm of the hour's gentle lending,
That leads me to stray by the stream-side at even,
The sun's paly beam with the dale-shadows blending,
And the blue of the wave mocking that of the heaven;
But 'twas here, long ago, that our joys found their keeping,
And here that when weary she slept on my knee;
Oh, I knew that my Mary was dreaming while sleeping
Under the shade of the old willow tree—
Was dreaming while sleeping—was dreaming of me!

As fleeteth a glance fled the hours, swiftly darting,
Till fate bade us sever, and reft me away;
I sought the stream-side—scene of gladness!—ere parting,
And there, softly pillowed, my love slumbering lay.
A warm, dewy moisture, her veiled eye was steeping;
Her lips moved—low whispers fell murmurlngly,
And I knew that my Mary was dreaming while sleeping,
Under the shade of the old willow tree—
Was dreaming while sleeping—was dreaming of me!

THE SHADE OF THE WILLOW TREE.

Afloat on the breast of the heaving sea-billow,
When the wind kissed the waves on the far, smiling main,
My thoughts hurried back to the bank by the willow,
And I stood by the moss-braided stream-side again.
There slumbering she seemed, but her heart's troubled leaping,
Gave token of what its deep sadness must be;
And I felt that my Mary was dreaming while sleeping,
Under the shade of the old willow tree—
Was dreaming while sleeping—was dreaming of me!

My wanderings o'er, to the dear spot repairing,
I sought for my love in our hallowed retreat;
The bank was still there, the old moss-carpet wearing,
But a furrow was scooped in its breast at my feet.
Alas, how the tears flowed apace of my weeping!
She lay where she lay, but 'twas not on my knee,
And my Mary no longer was dreaming while sleeping
Under the shade of the old willow tree—
Not dreaming while sleeping—not dreaming of me!

THE HOME BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Adapted to an old familiar air.

It was told me oft in a fire-side tale,
Of what gay wealth could bring ;
Of the jewelled halls and the painted walls,
And many a gorgeous thing ;
But now they are mine no charm they wear—
So fail one's dreams when tried !
Oh, take me away, oh, take me away,
To my home on the green brook-side.

The oak-tree tall by the garden wall,
To the wind waves joyously,
And under the shade which its leaves have made,
The stream runs glancing by.
And the sheltered bank where our plays were played,
Spread out so soft and wide—
Oh, take me away, oh, take me away,
To my home on the green brook-side.

My mother before the cottage door,
She watched our sports the while,
My sisters twain, my brother and I,
She watched us with a smile ;
And her sweet, low voice—how our own glad hearts
To its music-tones replied !—
Oh, take me away, oh, take me away,
To my home on the green brook-side.

THE HOME BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

My mother! She sleeps in the still church-yard,
It lies adown the glen;
And my sisters twain, and my brother too,
I never shall see again!
Alas, that I was left behind,
The sad, sad day they died!—
Oh, take me away, oh, take me away,
To my home on the green brook-side.

The "good man" old of a far home told,
Where my lost ones loved had gone,
And over them there he breathed a prayer,
And prayed for the left one lone.
I long to follow them where they are,
To find them where they hide—
Oh, take me away, oh, take me away,
To my home on the green brook-side.

THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Composed to be Sung at a Children's Concert.

A robin perched up on a spray,
Sat cheerily singing its lay:
The sunbeam had chilled, and the frost-bitten air
Had swept through the branches and left them all bare,
La, la, la, la, la, la.

"Oh, why, when the birds have all flown,
Gentle robin why linger alone?
Why speed not thy flight to the far sunny plains,
Where the leaves are all green, and a bright summer reigns?"
La, la, la, la, la, la.

"Oh, dearer to me is the grove,
That gave me to live and to love;
Where first in the ray of the blossoming Spring
My wings learned to bear me, my voice learned to sing.
La, la, la, la, la, la.

THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.

"What, though through the cold winter hours,
Lie perished the leaves and the flowers?
These hours will soon pass, and on tree and on plain,
The leaf and the flower will be blooming again!"
La, la, la, la, la, la.

Oh, though fate its worst sadness employs,
To disturb the sweet flow of life's joys,
Its control but endures for a time, then is past—
Faith and hope may be tried, but they triumph at last.
La, la, la, la, la, la.

THE WAVE AND THE LEAF.

Said the Wave to the Leaf,
By the rill-marge growing:
"Time's enjoyment chief
Is to use it while flowing,
So that care nor grief,
Ill hap bestowing,
Trouble its passage or darken its tide.

"Why then tarry here,
To thy lone stem clinging,
Change nought of cheer
Over life's dullness flinging?
Trust me, nor fear;
To my soft bosom bringing
Thine—I will waft thee to bright joys afar.

THE WAVE AND THE LEAF.

"Come then, come with me,
Thou mine, I thine ever!"
Winds were passing free;
Said the leaf—"Bid me sever!"
On they danced with glee
Till, where swept a river,
Both were engulfed in its waters and lost.

Shun thou, my heart,
The gay lure of Pleasure;
False is the art
She hath planned for thy seizure:
Vain all schemes apart—
With GOD is the treasure:
Happiness dwells with the angels—in heaven.

THE SAILORS' SONG.

FIRST VOICE.

We are blithe and gay as we bound away
With a courser's pride through the yielding bay.

SECOND VOICE.

Oh lightly we ride as our bark doth glide,
So merrily on through the sparkling tide.

BASS.

Fleet and far the waters o'er,
Leaps the light breeze from the shore,
Joyous in its flight to be
Free, untrammelled on the sea.

CHORUS.

Merrily we row along
Over the deep blue sea.

FIRST VOICE.

When the tempest blows and its dark-wing throws
The spray from the crest of the wave as it flows;

SECOND VOICE.

When the vessel heaves o'er the tossing waves,
And the shock of the hurricane boldly braves;

BASS.

Tempest breath and torrent flow,
Heed we lightly as we go,
And the wild sea-uttered howl,
Is but music to our soul.

CHORUS.

Merrily now we row along,
Over the deep blue sea.

THE SAILORS' SONG.

FIRST VOICE.

And what though the blast of the tempest at last,
Should sink us beneath the deep, billowy waste?

SECOND VOICE.

Oh, we never might crave dearer boon than to have
The home of our life as the spot for our grave!

BASS.

What though wind and wave betide,
Sink we all or safely ride,
Heaven is round us as we go,
Heaven above, and heaven below!

CHORUS.

Merrily now we row along
Over the deep blue sea.

AFLOAT, AFLOAT IN MY LIGHT CANOE.

Afloat, afloat in my light canoe,
I skim o'er the waters bright, love,
Through the film of the beam, the mist of the stream,
And the breath of a warm May night, love.
The stars of heaven have stolen astray,
Where they fain would dwell forever,
And all a-chase in an elfin race,
They sport on the Beautiful River.

The shore lies dim in the maple shade,
The haunt of the slumbering bird, love;
And the turtle awake, from the sheltering brake,
Lets his cooing voice be heard, love;
And the hooded fowl from the fallen tree,
With a voice that wearieth never,
He singeth his will as he sitteth so still,
On the brink of the Beautiful River.

Then come, lady come, where the beam shines bright;
With the hour to teach the art, love,
My lips shall tell of the witching spell
That weaves the charm of the heart, love;
And our cheeks shall meet, our breasts shall heave,
And our souls shall link forever,
Like waves in a kiss—*that* lost in *this*—
When met on the Beautiful River.

FLEETING, FLEETING, AH, HOW FLEETING.

Fleeting, fleeting, ah, how fleeting!
With a footfall lightly sped,
O'er the living, by the dead,
Wearied never, hasting ever,
Time pursues his silent tread.

Still retreating—still retreating
Through the years which God hath given,
Borne along our lives are driven,
Pausing never, passing ever,
Like the drifting clouds of heaven.

Parting, meeting—parting, meeting!
Fitful tides the heart doth know,
Springs of joy and wells of woe,
Failing never, mingling ever,
One their current as they flow!

THEE entreating—THEE entreating,
Hear, O LORD, we now implore!
May we claim, life's changes o'er,
Ending never, spending ever,
Blest eternity our dower!

POLITICAL SONGS.

The following Political Songs may serve as reminders, perhaps not altogether uninteresting, of the stirring times when they were written, and which inspired to their writing Elderly men of now will readily recall how, when in their prime then, music, taking its equal place with oratory on the platform, held, besides, if not a higher, a still wider and more influential place, in that it was to be heard, and felt, where no like privilege was open to the speech-maker.

The Presidential Campaign of 1844 found for the song period, if not its starting-point, the date at least when was reached its highest pitch of attainment. In the club-room, the public hall, the workshop, the parlor, the kitchen—wherever two or three were met, or could meet, together—the ring of it, to some favorite tune, could be heard.

No candidate for high office—which he was unfortunately never destined to fill—ever stood higher in public esteem than did Henry Clay—none ever before excited so the popular enthusiasm, or held so dear a place in the hearts of his countrymen.

As samples of the style of canticles then in vogue, these, it is hoped not inopportunely or ill-advisedly, are offered.

OUR NOMINEE.

Three jovial Locos* sat one day,
By an alehouse door in the month of May;
Said one as he seized his cup, said he—
"Let us drink a health to our Nominee.
Our Nominee, ha! ha! ha! our Nominee,
We'll drink a health to our Nominee."
For they loved a joke, these Locos three,
And they laughed, ha! ha! they laughed ha!
ha! they laughed as they quaffed to
their Nominee.

"Ho, landlord, hither with thy wine again!
We go in for *measures*,** though we heed not men,
So we'll drink to him whoever he may be,
And shout success to our Nominee.
Our Nominee, &c.

"If Kinderhook† should pass the gate,
And be our next Fall candidate—
Oh, how the 'coons to their holes will flee,
When the Fox comes out as our Nominee.
Our Nominee, &c.

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* LOCO-FOCO—A nick-name applied to the Democratic party, and which fell into such general use as to find a place—where it may still be found—in some of our dictionaries.

** "MEASURES, NOT MEN," was the usual party orator's rejoinder, when twitted about their candidate—a man entirely unknown to the mass of his party.

† Martin Van Buren, of *Kinderhook*, New York.

OUR NOMINEE.

"Or old Tecumseh,‡ sbould he run,
Why the battle's fought ere half begun;
For where is the man his match would be,
With Colonel Dick for Nominee?
Our Nominee, &c.

"Clay can't succeed—we're sure he never can—
With his Tariff, Distribution,‡‡ and his 'No Texas' plan.
But we'll gull the people all, for we go for none of these—
And we go for nothing else—but our Nominees.
Our Nominees," &c.

Then up rode a horseman at full speed,
And the white foam rolled from his panting steed—
"I'll stake my bay for a pint," said he,
"You cannot guess our Nominee.
Our Nominee," &c.

---

‡ Col. Richard M. Johnston, the proud boast of whose friends (not at all well founded), was, that he killed the Shawanee Chief, *Tecumseh*, in the battle at Tippecanoe.

‡‡ *Distribution* of the proceeds of the public lands sales, and opposition to the war with Mexico for the acquisition of *Texas*, were two cardinal features in the Whig platform.

OUR NOMINEE.

Then up spake the three: "Agreed," said they;
"We'll guess in a trice and win the bay:
Calhoun?—Cass?—Johnston?—*Van?*—Not *he?*
Then who the deuce is our Nominee?
Our Nominee, our Nominee—
Who, who the deuce can the creature be?"
They didn't like the joke, these Locos three,
And they could not laugh for their Nominee.

"The wager's won," the horseman spoke;
For the man we'll run, is—JAMES K. POLK!"
"And who is he?" said the jovial three.
"Why, James K. Polk—of Tennessee."
"James K. Polk! ha! ha! ha! of Tennessee?—
The very man we thought would be!"
'Twas a right good joke for these Locos three
And they laughed, ha! ha! they laughed, ha!
ha! they laughed as they quaffed to
their Nominee.

"Then we'll drink to James—what was his name?
Of Tennessee?—oh, 'tis all the same;
For a right strong team, we trow, he'll be,
This Mister James—our Nominee;
Our Nominee, ha! ha! ha! Our Nominee;
The very man we thought would be!"
For they loved a joke, these Locos three,
And they laughed ha! ha! they laughed ha!
ha! ha! ha! they laughed as they
quaffed to their Nominee.

COME, CLAY MEN, COME.

Adapted to a Popular Air.

Come, Clay men, come?
Bid your fears away;
For ever as springs the dawning ray,
Some new-born promise greets the day:
"Harry, Harry Clay,"—Hark!
"Harry, Harry Clay,"—Hark!
How merrily through the morn,
The champion statesman's name is borne—
"Harry, Harry Clay;" oh, ho! ho! ho! ho!
"Harry, Harry Clay;" oh, ho! ho! ho! ho!
The champion statesman's name is borne—
"Harry, Harry Clay!"

Hark, Clay men, hark!
A voice from the land
Where the Wabash glides o'er its sparkling sand,
And the prairie-bloom waves on its verdant strand,
"Harry, Harry Clay!" &c.

COME, CLAY MEN, COME.

Rouse, Clay men, rouse!
Bold freemen sing
From the soil where our PATRIOT'S lingering—
Where the oak and the ash their boughs outfling-
"Harry, Harry Clay!"

Ho, Clay men, ho!
New tidings come,
Where the highlander's footsteps lightly roam,
As he ushers abroad from his Green Mountain home—
"Harry, Harry Clay!" &c.

Then up, Clay men, up!
Bid your fears away
And joyously as springs each day,
We'll shout—"Success to Harry Clay!"
"Harry, Harry Clay!" &c.

COME, ALL YE GOOD DIMOCRATS.

(1844.)

Come, all ye good Dimocrats born in the "States,"
  And all iv ye's born far away,
Where the shamrock is green on the Emerald shore—
  That nate little spot in the say;
A song let us sing, and bad luck to the man
  That is left and won't jine with the rest,
Whin this ilegant tune to ould Harry they pipe—
  Ould Harry, the Boy of the West.

In the days whin ould Eden was young, and at last
  Man was fashioned at first, it was found
That he wasn't complate till they finished him quite
  With a handful of airth from the ground.
Jist so we've the sperit begot of our laws,
  Most parfect and faultless, they say,
And all that we want to complate it now, too,
  Is to have it invested in Clay.

The Polkos they tould us, unprincipled things,—
  We'll never belave them a wurd,—
That they're frinds to the tariff,* protiction and all;
  Was iver the likes of it hurd?
"Jist lind us the loan," they implore, "of ye'r aid
  Agin the electional day,
And we'll give you the man that'll father ye'r thrade
  As well and much better than Clay."

---

* It was always claimed by orators, his advocates, throughout Pennsylvania, and other Protection States, that Polk was as good a tariff man as Clay.

COME, ALL YE GOOD DIMOCRATS.

With sich tales they'd desave us, and chate our belaif,
With the thricks and the thrades of a thaif,
While they tickled our ears with the flaace of our shaap,
They wud skelther away with the baaf.
But they niver shall move us, by practising fraud,
To desart him we love in this way;
If we war blinded wonst, we're not only the first
Whose eyes have been opened by Clay!

Jeemy Polk's cunnin' frinds, to accomplish thar inds,
Their utmost indivors they tried,
And they thought they'd bamboozle the "Empire," they did,
Whin they clapped Silas Wright by his side;
But Silas, all right, thought it best to be left,
So he mintioned his mind right away;
And now we'll prevail, for it's all wrong with thim,
And we've right on the side of our Clay.

COME, ALL YE GOOD DIMOCRATS.

Misther Polk, it's in favor of Taxas he is,
But niver a crathur responds—
Niver one, to his infamous scheme, only thim
That be bondsmin, or houlders of bonds;
Nor will he "distribute the prosaads" at all,
Be the state of the States what it may,
But *we* will—jist whin we disthribute him first,
And hand over the prosaads to Clay.

To the "Boy of the West" then we'll sing, merry lads,
From beyant where the great wather is,
For a much better thame is much harder to find,
And whin found isn't aqual to this.
We war made of sich matther whin first we was born,
We are fed from it ivery day,
And whin death comes, we ask niver betther a berth
Than to slaap in the bosom of Clay.

THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

(1848.)

Adapted to the Air of "The Groves of Blarney," as Sung by a Popular Comedian of the Day.

Now all ye good peoples of whatsever nation,
Barrin thim that is n't of our own,
Lend your attention just while I mention
A word or two 'twixt me and you and the rest of us all gathered here alone.
It's all ferninstin' that interestin' occasion
That's travelin' round in the due coorse o' time,
And happens, as you remember, on the seventh of November,—
Och, won't it be a spectacle sublime!

Then Martin will muster his "Buffalo hunters,"
And set thim standin' all into order of line—
The *Birneys* born and the *hale* Barn-burners,*
With my son Johnney for leftenant, as you might opine.
All ould desarters from the regelar sarvice,
And the rest raw milishi picked up here and here;
They may think, if they can, then, to bring up their *Van* then,
But they'll, all of 'em, be afther fallin' considerably back into the rear.

---

* *Barnburners*—A bolting wing of the Democratic party, who, on Anti-Slavery grounds, with J. G. Birney and J. P. Hale, the one a '*Liberal*' and the other a '*Free-Soiler*,' at their head, supported Van Buren.

THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

The Michigan Chief,† too, you'll be for obsarvin',
The same that undertook wonst the bould enterprise,
And broke his word, sirs, if it wasn't his sword, sirs,
With his red-coats will also be there likewise.
Oh, he'll flusther and blusther, and kick up a dust, sirs,
But 'twill end like the "fifty-four, forty" before:
The "Hero of Hull's Surrender" will surrender the hull, sirs,
And the hull gone—there'll be little left, to be sure.

But besides and moreover, a host will be gathered,
Of the true, trusty yeoman of this wonderful land;
Volunteers all enlisted, the staunch and hard-fisted—
Saint Patrick! but won't it look beautiful grand!
With the Stars and the Stripes on the standard they carry,
And the ilegant drums playin' insthrumental music with the fife,
Led on by "Whitey,"‡ that can bate the Mexicans five to one, bad luck to 'em, the dirty, murtherin', stailin' thaives of a fureign counthry—sittin' up in the saddle,
With Fillmore beside him to lead in the strife.

---

† *Gen. Lewis Cass,* the Pro-Slavery Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

‡ *Whitey*—General Taylor's famous war-horse.

THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

And who do ye's suppose, sirs, will give the most blows, sirs,
And dhrive the inemy into a hasty retrait?
Why who but the man who has "never surrendered,"
And who laughs at the word when they spaak of defate?
Then lift off yer hats, boys, so graceful and aisy,
And give one brave shout for the Red, White and Blue,
Then sing out—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the Gineral that fought, bled and died at 'Mount Airy' and all them places, and never was kilt or wounded at all, at all—hurrah for old Zachary Taylor,
The soldier, the patriot, the PRESIDENT, too.

GIVE 'EM JESSIE.

(1856.)

When the scorned wooer sought her,
Sought to woo the old man's daughter—
"Wed my daughter, sir!" says Benton;
"That the trick, sir, he's intent on?
Let him try, sir; let him," says he
"Sir, *I'll* give the stroller Jessie.*
Give him Jessie, give him Jessie,
Give the young wild-ranger Jessie—
The 'Path-finder,' give him Jessie,
Give him, sir, particular Jessie."

"Mock who mock may," quoth Path-finder;
"If the bold will, who shall hinder?"
Morning found him making track fast,
While old "Bullion" shaved for breakfast,
And the priest, with clinching stress, he
Fixed him fast and gave him Jessie.
Gave him Jessie, gave him Jessie,
Fixed him fast and gave him Jessie,
The Path-finder, gave him Jessie,
Gave him, sir, particular Jessie.

---

* Mr. Benton so decidedly opposed the marriage of his daughter Jessie and Freemont that it resulted at last in an elopement. Later on he relented and gracefully accepted the situation, so far indeed as at length to grow boastfully proud of his son-in-law.

GIVE 'EM JESSIE.

Be the word badge-writ of Freemont!
Tom's the joke, but his the cream on't.
Would desert her meed have reft her
As before through times hereafter—
For ends won, and aims *in esse?*—
Meet the foe, and give him Jessie.
  Give him Jessie, give him Jessie,
  Meet the foe and give him Jessie,
  Give the milk but save the cream on't,
  Give him Jessie, give him Jessie.

Thus when "Buck" and men of that form,
Made, where good dirt's scarce, of platform,
Would constrain us to dismember
Into Cincinnati timber—
Trim us into *block-heads*—bless ye,
Won't we give the trimmers Jessie?
  Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie—
  Won't we give the trimmers Jessie?—
  Buck and men of that form—
  Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie.

GIVE 'EM JESSIE.

Would they, threatening tubes and triggers,
Have us trappers of stray niggers—
Curb our speech, and Sancho Panzas
Play to scurrile knights in Kanzas?
Faith, the terms are rather "sassy,"
When we have, to give 'em, Jessie.
Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie,
Quixote knights run loose in Kansas,
Cock-a-doodle knights in Kansas,
Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie.

Will they deal like craven traitors,
Not content with shooting waiters,
Foul blows back of true men's faces,
Then crab out from "sixty paces"?—
Give, as Burlingame did "Pressy"—†
Uncle's nephew—give 'em Jessie.
Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie.
Craven traitors shooting waiters.
Give, as Burlingame did Pressy,
Uncle's nephew—give 'em Jessie.

† Preston, a member of Congress from South Carolina, because of an affront growing out of a debate in the House, challenged Burlingame, also a member from Massachusetts, to a duel. The latter, contrary to expectation, hailing as he did from New England,—a quarter so strongly opposed then as always to that method of settling disputes—accepted the *defi*. Burlingame, as the challenged party having the privilege, chose for weapons and distance, rifle and sixty paces. Preston, not taking kindly to that style of weapon, declined to meet his man, and so, rather ingloriously to the challenger, the affair ended.

GIVE 'EM JESSIE.

Dosed, the times have Bullion followed,
And grown sick on what they swallowed;
Would you purify them from it
Through a course of wholesome vomit—
Cleanse them of their foul distress, eh?
Ours the simple—give 'em Jessie.
  Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie,
  The disunion thunderers Jessie;
  Give to idle praters Jessie
  Give 'em Jessie, give 'em Jessie.

Thus, of ills to heal, and from ache
Thus to purge our "Uncle's" stomach,
Thus, of all gross wrongs to right us
We will vermifuge the White House—
Worm Pierce out and for next President—we will that—give them J. C.,
  Give 'em J. C., give 'em J. C.,
  The Path-finder—give 'em J. C.—
  J. C. FREEMONT for the White House—
  Give' em, sir, particular J. C.

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